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OR,

Sawdust Sam's Last Green Game.

BY E. L. WHEELER,
AUTHOR OF "DEADWOOD DICK" NOVELS, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER FROM JIMMY.

"MARIA, what shall we do?"
This question was asked by a Kansas farmer soon after his return from the village post-office, where he had obtained a letter.

"Well, I don't know what to say, Peter," replied his wife. "It is a strange letter to come from our Jimmy, considerin' we ain't heerd from him before in years."

"It is odd," Farmer Penn agreed, "but Jimmy is all right. The question is, kin we spare the money for the trip?"

"I KNOW YOUR GAME!" CRIED THE PRISONER TO DICK, "YOU WANT TO TRAP ME, BUT NOT A WORD WILL I SAY."

"We hadn't ought ter, but I'd like powerfully ter see our boy."

"The thought stirs me all up!"

"Read the letter again, Peter."

Big, honest-faced Mr. Penn picked up the sheet of paper which had been lying on his knee, and read aloud as follows:

"NEW YORK, March 1st.

"DEAR DAD AND MAM:—I haven't heard from you in years, so I'll write. How are you getting on? I am well, and well off in worldly goods. How is it with you? Have you got the mortgage paid off, yet? If not, come and see me at my address, the Hotel Dam. I can put you in the way of making a fortune. Come at once. I am anxious to see and help you."

"Your affectionate son,

"JAMES PENN."

That was all—no more and no less.

Peter Penn looked up like one wavering between doubt and hope, and then thoughtfully observed:

"If our boy would only help us out, Maria, it would be worth our while to risk the trip, for we need the money bad enough. You know the mortgage is due next month, and, if not paid off, will be foreclosed; and then we shall be turned out of house and home."

"True, Peter. It worries me a great deal."

"No more than me. If our Jimmy is rich, of course he will help us—of course he will. Yes; we must lock up the house and go to New York. I can get Tom Potts to look after the stock while we are gone."

"Very well, Peter; you know what's for the best."

"Of course I do; I allus do. So get yer clothes all ready, and we will start the first thing in the mornin'!"

"New York is an awful big place, Peter. Ain't you afraid we might get lost?"

"Fudge!—fiddlesticks! It would take a bigger city than New York to lose me! Why, hain't I bin to St. Louis, and not got lost?"

That silenced Mrs. Penn, who had faith in her husband's ability, and acquaintance with his obstinacy.

Just then there came a loud rap at the door.

"Come in!" cried the farmer, and a typical Western man entered. The Penns readily recognized a neighbor.

"Ah! is that you Potts? Take a chair!" Peter directed.

"Can't stop," Potts answered. "Just come from town, and I've a letter for you. The post-master had mislaid it."

Peter Penn took the document extended to him.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "Another one from New York, as I live!"

Adjusting his spectacles, he opened the envelope. Great was his surprise when he saw a ten-dollar bill, but it was nothing compared to his feelings when he had read the accompanying letter. This he did in silence, while Potts, forgetting his haste, remained to gossip with Mrs. Penn. The letter was as follows:

"NEW YORK, March 1.

"MY DEAR SIR:—

"Having heard of you through your estimable son, the Honorable James Penn, I take the liberty of addressing you, presuming I can be of some service to you; for, having heard that it has been a bad year for crops in Kansas, I infer that money is not as plentiful as it might be.

"It is, therefore, my pleasure to notify you that I can supply you with all you want, at a cost of less than one-tenth part of its face value.

"This money, you will understand, is not goods of Government manufacture, but is just as safe and reliable, for it is utterly impossible for the smartest expert to detect my goods from the genuine. I inclose you a sample note. You can try it for yourself.

"It has been my privilege to start many a poor man on the high road to fortune, and I can point out many large fortunes that have been founded with my goods—that of your son being one. Should you desire to handle any of my goods, when you come to New York, I will try to see you.

"Hoping this will meet your approval,

"I remain, most honored sir,

"Yours truly,

"JOSEPH REED."

"N. B.—For one hundred dollars I furnish a thousand; for five hundred, five thousand; and for a thousand I furnish ten, and so on upward to any amount, as our presses run night and day."

Farmer Penn was none the wiser when this was read, for he was too ignorant of the ways of the world to see the trap which had opened for him. He was merely bewildered. The voices of his companions aroused him from his uncertainty, and he suddenly took part in the conversation.

"Neighbor Potts, Mrs. Penn and myself are going to New York, early in the mornin', to visit my son Jimmy. Ye remember Jimmy, don't ye?"

"Yes, I do, that! He used ter steal my har-

vest apples, and take 'em to Leavenworth, and sell 'em. Outside o' that, he war one o' the best scholars we hed in ther Sunday-skule class."

"Right, neighbor. Well, Jimmy is powerful rich now, and is goin' to pay off our mortgage, and help us out of the hole, besides. Good of him, eh?"

"Yes, et aire that. Never thought he would turn out so well. By ther way, did ye hear that my boy Si is goin' to git spliced?"

"No. Who to?"

"Miranda Hulks."

Peter Penn turned up his nose in disgust.

"That's no match. Old Hulks is rich, and will boss your Si around, till he won't have the gumption of a cat!"

"Not much, he won't! I'm sure of it, because Hulks can't begin ter match my Si on either brains or muscle. See? I've a notion of buyin' a farm for Si, and give him a first-class send-off. I s'pose, if you're goin' to New York, your Jim may induce ye to stop wth him, and that ye won't come back here?"

"Dunno. Et depends."

"D'ye want to sell out?"

"We can't. Hulks holds a mortgage against the place."

"I can fix that. How much?"

"What'll you give?"

"I'll tell ye what I'll do. When d'ye 'spect to start fer New York?"

"To-morrer mornin', bright and early."

"Well, I've had an eye on this place fer Si, sence et joins mine. So I had a talk with old Hiram Hulks, and he allowed that ef Si was to marry Miranda, and I bought this place fer 'em, he'd give up the mortgage—that is, destroy et—and call the thing square."

"So, now, as I said before, I'll tell ye what I'll do: 'You've got a good farm, and I'll give five thousan' dollars, jes as it stan's, furniture an' all—five thousan', spot cash; an' all you've got to do is sign off ter me."

"Et's a bargain. Come, Maria, git on yer duds. 'We will fix up the matter to-day, and go to New York to-morrow. An' when we find Jimmy, we'll have a bu'stin' good time, you bet!" declared Penn, his eyes sparkling with anticipated pleasure.

The team was hitched up, and the trio rode to the city of Leavenworth, where the proper documents were drawn and duly signed, conveying the Penn homestead to Mr. Potts.

The five thousand dollars was promptly paid over, and the Penns found themselves in a position so peculiar that they could hardly realize it. For the first time in many years they were without a home, and this would have given them a painfully lonesome feeling had they not been cheered up by the recollection that they were about to start to join their loved son.

Any one else, if fully admitted to their confidence, might have had some doubts as to the future.

"Jimmy" had not been noted for an overflow of filial affection in the past, the late letter being the first his parents had received from him in several years. An outsider would naturally have been influenced by this fact, but Jimmy's parents, like most parents, were ready to forgive neglect, real or seeming, and believe in their son.

They went back to pass the last night at the old homestead, and it was then that Peter chanced again upon the second letter he had received from New York.

It had previously been lying forgotten in his pocket.

"Why, Peter, I ain't seen that yet," exclaimed Mrs. Penn.

"I know ye ain't, but Potts was here when I read it, ye know, an' then it slipped my mind. You shall hear it, Maria, an' I hope you kin ketch on. I can't, fur, of all crazy stuff, this is the worst. Hear it!"

The worthy farmer read aloud the letter from the unknown person in New York, and then looked up to see his wife staring at him in a blank way.

"What do ye think o' that?" he inquired.

"Think! Why, I don't understand it at all. What's it about, anyhow?"

"Seems he's goin' ter give us some money," answered Peter, slowly.

"Why should he?"

"Oh! he's a friend of Jimmy's."

"But why should he give us his money?"

"He says it ain't made by Government."

"Then what is it? Peter Penn, I'm afraid there's something wrong!"

"Fiddlesticks! Would a friend of Jimmy's do anything wrong?"

"No, he wouldn't!" the good woman declared, promptly.

"I do b'lieve I've got the idea!" Mr. Penn suddenly asserted.

"What is it?"

"You've read about them Wall street affairs, ain't ye? Of course you have, fur it was all in the *Weekly Hustler*. Well, they have what they call stocks there, an' such things, an' as Mr. Reed's money ain't Government made, it must be t'other kind. Say, what would you think if I got to be a big speculator in Wall street, eh?"

Peter Penn's face beamed with pleasure, and the expression was at once reflected in that of his wife. They were wholly ignorant of the ways of the world at large, and, meditating no harm themselves, saw only an honest offer in what was plainly the bait offered by sharpers.

If they went to New York they would go into danger, and go they fully intended to the next day.

CHAPTER II.

THE DETECTIVE PRINCE.

It had been a number of years since Mr. or Mrs. Penn had been on a train of cars, and, accordingly, they enjoyed the ride for the first few miles with rare avidity.

When the train pulled out of Leavenworth, it had on board a larger number of passengers than usual—largely composed of people going to Washington to witness the inauguration.

When the Penns got aboard there was but a single seat to be had in the train, and this was by the side of a stylishly-attired young man, with a frank, handsome face, keen eyes, and dark-brown hair and mustache.

This was Deadwood Dick, Jr., leaving the Wild West for the third time, en route for the city of New York on business.

While spending a few days in Denver, he had received a dispatch from Inspector Byrnes which read as follows:

"Come on at once. I have work for you among certain swindlers here—work which, for certain reasons, you can do better than any one else. I especially want you on the case."

Now, this was a good deal of a compliment. There were shrewd and experienced detectives in New York, and, when the head of the force sent to the West for a man to handle a case which was, presumably, of a delicate nature, it meant a good deal.

Dick was not a man to be puffed up by any occurrence, and he took this with his usual philosophical composure, but it was clear that his past successes in detective work were making a wide reputation for him.

It did not take him long to decide in the present case.

He had faced danger of all kinds in both the East and the West, and had met with experiences such as fall to the lot of but few men, and, having looked the whole field over carefully, he had about decided to establish an office of his own in the metropolis of the New World.

The telegram decided him, and, without much delay, he packed a couple of valises and started.

And this is how we come to find the detective prince once more en route for the land of the rising sun.

His life of adventure had taken him over a wide area, and, though certain sections had at times rung with his exploits, he generally managed to travel without being recognized, and nobody suspected that the quiet young man with the keen eyes was one who had made so much stir.

This temporary obscurity just suited his taste. When Dick saw Mr. and Mrs. Penn enter the car and look for seats, and saw that they were well advanced in years—at least sixty and fifty-eight, respectively—he, with true Western courtesy, arose, and, lifting his hat, said:

"Please take my seat, sir. I can soon find a vacant one, for not all here are through passengers. In the mean time, I can stand on my pins a little better than you, or lean against the arm of the seat."

"I thank ye for your kindness," Penn heartily replied. "You're a gentleman, fine cut an' dried, that's sure."

When the couple were comfortably settled down, Penn once more turned to Dick.

"Goin' fur East?" he inquired.

"Yes; as far as New York."

"Thunder! I meant to say, gracious! Ye don't tell me ye'r goin' to New York?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' so be we. Jingo! D'ye hear et, Maria? The young feller is goin' way thr'u' to New York, along with us. Say, stranger, much acquainted there?"

"Only slightly."

"Don't know my son, Jim Penn, then, do ye?"

He's one of the big-bugs, you see. Now, tell you what! Jim is smart! He's made a lot o' money, he writes, an' invites us to come and visit him. So we sold out, slick an' clean, and me and Maria aire goin' to see the sights, and live with Jim."

"He didn't invite us to do *that*!" interposed Mrs. Penn, doubtfully.

"Oh! but he will," said the old man, cheerily. "You kin bet high on that, Maria."

"If he's got room, he will," Maria agreed. "He wouldn't be a Penn, ef he didn't. It runs in the family, from William down, to be charitable among their kin. Then, too, you see, I've got a lot of money—just think! five thousand, clean cash!—an' money's what makes the mare go. What do you think stranger? Me and Maria hes worked hard, all our lives, and it's about time we had a good old round-up, ain't it?"

Deadwood Dick looked doubtful. "Well, I should say that if your stock of cash is limited, you'd better be careful when you reach New York. There are hundreds of sharpers lying in wait for countrymen from the interior, only to gain their confidence at the expense of a few drinks, suppers, and polite attentions; only to beat them out of their all, either by trick or device, or by absolute force!"

"Jingo!" And Mr. Penn looked astonished.

"Peter, let's go home!" said Mrs. Penn. "If you should lose that money, what would become of us?"

"No turn-back, now, mother. We've got no home, in the first place, and ef we hed, why, I'd not go back. We'll find our Jim; we're all hunk!"

"Have you got the letter from him, Peter?"

"Yas."

"And where does it say come to?"

"To the Hotel Dam. Heavens! what a name for a hotel! It sounds mighty frivolous, ter say the least."

"Frivolous! It's worse than that, Peter."

"It may be New York style."

"Then New York aire more wicked than ye thought of. Oh! Peter! just to think our boy should live in sech a place! Oh! it's awful!"

And Mrs. Penn's eyes filled with tears.

"My good woman," Dick hastened to reassure her, "the meaning of the name of the hotel is by no means one that need to trouble you. It is a very respectable place and, I believe, is quite popular with the theatrical fraternity."

"Say!" said Peter Penn, eying Dick sharply. "You're a purty smart feller. You're a Westerner, I'll swear. Who aire ye? an' what're ye goin' to New York fer?"

"Private business."

"You say you know suthin' of the town?"

"Well, a little; and yet not much, either."

"Well, what's your name?"

"Bristol. What is yours?"

"Peter Penn, a direct descendant of the great William. Now, I'll tell ye what I want ye to help me do—find my boy, Jimmy. I ain't acquainted in New York, nor I ain't able ter pay so very much, but I'll do as near squar' as I kin. One't I find Jimmy, I'll bet he'll give you five dollars."

"When did he leave his home?"

"Lem'me see! Et war fourteen years, today. I give him a whalin', fer not doin' the chores. It was too cold fer me ter go out. Thermometer were twelve below the 0!"

Here the old man paused.

"He ought not to have minded a little thing like that," observed Dick.

"But Jimmy had a bad temper. Although he was only ten years old, he run away; and we never saw him, nor heard from him, sence, until we got the letter from him invitin' us to visit him."

"Jimmy is now about twenty-four, then?"

"Almost exactly—twenty-four, in five days. Ain't I right, Maria? Think, now?"

"I guess you must be right, Peter, my dear?"

"Of course I am. Ain't I allus perfectly right? The Penns were always right—always will be."

Thus the conversation rambled on.

Dick soon secured a seat, and went to sleep.

One experience in a sleeping-car had been enough for him, for the contracted quarters were not to his taste.

Kansas City was reached, and a through car to New York was taken, at Dick's suggestion.

Old Penn growled at the extra expense of having to pay a dollar for meals upon the train, but Dick's persuasion prevailed, and they had elegant accommodations and a speedy passage.

When they steamed into the Grand Central station, at New York, Dick aroused his fellow-travelers, who had fallen asleep some time

before, and were unconscious of everything earthly.

"New York!" announced Dick. "Come, get up, my good friends, and take a look at the city!"

"New York!" ejaculated Peter, drowsily.

"New York!" sighed the female Penn. "Then, just tell 'em to truck us around ter where our Jimmy lives!"

CHAPTER III.

MR. JIM PENN.

By this time Dick was getting pretty well disgusted with his journey, and, as it was late in the evening, and there was no liability of finding Inspector Byrnes at his office, he concluded to get rid of the Penns by inducing them to retire for the night.

He would be fettered in his movements with them around, and, the nearer they drew to New York, the more inclination they evinced to cling to Dick. Overruling their objections, he took them over to the Grand Union Hotel.

The feminine element of the Penn family wanted to go to the Hotel Dam, but remonstrance from Peter quieted and convinced her.

Dick registered the party, sent them to bed, and then set out for the Hotel Dam, which is in the immediate neighborhood of Union Square.

There he inquired for James Penn.

"No such a man here, sir," was the answer.

"Ever been here?"

"No."

"Do you know such a man?"

"Never heard the name in my life."

The detective prince turned away and left the hotel clerk without an explanation.

"Here is a mystery," Dick thought. "James Penn, in his letter to his parents, gave his address as Hotel Dam—or did Peter read incorrectly? If his son really wrote 'Hotel Dam,' I'll look into this. I must see the letter. In some way or other I must get at the facts, or Penn may come to grief. Was the letter really from Jimmy? Or was it from a New York swindler? Possibly, young Penn may have gone wrong, or be in a plot against the old folks. I'll look into it!"

Having come to this conclusion, Dick returned to the Grand Union and retired for the night.

He arose the next morning at six.

There were but few up when he went downstairs.

Breakfasting, he went over to the depot and had his baggage removed from there to Clinton Place, in the neighborhood of University Place.

There he was welcomed, having patronized the place before.

After making his ablutions he returned to the Grand Union, but Penn and his wife had not yet made their appearance, being engaged in making up for lost time in the way of sleep. Dick wrote a few lines in which he explained his failure to find Jimmy, and then, stating that he would return shortly, left the note for the old couple when they awoke.

This done he went down-town, making his way at once to Police Headquarters. When he arrived he was informed that Inspector Byrnes was absent, and that it was uncertain when he would return.

More delay appeared to be inevitable, but, fortunately, it was avoided by the speedy appearance of the renowned chief of detectives, himself.

Dick was at once recognized, and was invited into Byrnes's private office. There he was given a chair, and the chief sat down opposite him.

"You have answered my call promptly," observed the inspector.

"That's a way I have," Dick returned. "I presume you are not sorry?"

"Decidedly not. You were, perhaps, surprised to receive my telegram, but I could think of no better man. Your past success speaks for you, and, in this case, a comparative stranger in New York is needed."

"I am at your service."

"Good! Now, I have a rush of business on hand, and will come to the point at once. The fact is, we are having an epidemic of confidence men, bunco-steerers and green-goods men, just now."

"And you want a cure for the epidemic?"

"Just so."

"I would suggest an application of the law, taken in allopathic doses."

"With Deadwood Dick, Jr., as the doctor?"

"If you wish," replied the detective prince, with a smile.

"That's what's I do wish," declared Byrnes. "I desire you to wage secret war on them. All our city detectives are well known to the various swindlers, but you can work to better advantage."

Go slowly and cautiously, and let them try to take you in, if you wish, and can pass as a fit subject. Perhaps you can assume a disguise and appear as a countryman—but that is only a suggestion. Use your own judgment."

"I'll do what I can."

"I want you to look particularly to the green-goods men, who are working off a good deal of counterfeit money. On this sheet of paper you will find a list of names. All are well known to the police, and all have reputations almost national, unless it is Sam Slater."

The inspector laid his finger on the paper where the indicated name appeared.

"Slater is a dangerous and wily fellow," the speaker added. "Among his gang he is known as Sawdust Sam, and is a thoroughbred confidence man. Another man named here is Joe Reed, who works in Slater's company a good deal, but is only a small fish in comparison with Sam."

Byrnes then went on to give what information was necessary, to all of which Dick listened attentively. Nothing escaped Byrnes's keen observation, and he was pleased to see his new recruit give the same discriminating notice he would have bestowed himself, under reversed circumstances.

The inspector concluded in these words:

"The kings of the green-goods game are the ones whose names I have mentioned. You will find, on the list, the addresses of all except Slater. What we want is positive evidence, and then we will give them the law. We've had Slater up several times, and Reed once, but they have managed to escape the grasp of justice. You know how hard it is to secure a conviction in such cases."

"If I can rope them in I shall be glad to rid you of such black sheep. Now, allow me to ask a question in return."

"By all means. Proceed!"

"Do you know of such a man as James Penn?"

"I do not!"

"I understand that he is a very wealthy man."

"From whom did you gain your information?"

"From the father of James Penn. It appears that James wrote to the old gentleman, and told him he was very wealthy, and wanted the old man and wife to come East and pay him a visit. He gave his address as the Hotel Dam, adjacent to Union Square. I find that no such party is known there. I, therefore, deduct the conclusion that it was a decoy letter. What do you think?"

"Have you consulted the Directory?"

"Yes. There is no such name there."

"No wealthy New Yorker would be likely to be omitted."

"Decidedly not."

"You know the circumstances better than I do, but, if you think any rascality is afoot, look after it. The case may be right in the line of the work you have in hand. The villains are up to all kinds of games to decoy the unwary."

This was just what Dick suspected. He did not yet know of the second letter which Peter Penn had received before leaving Kansas, and, consequently, was without any definite clew, but he had no faith in the letter alleged to have been written by Jimmy Penn.

It looked like a trap.

He let the matter drop, however, and, after some further conversation about Sawdust Sam with the inspector, Dick paid a visit to the various police stations in company with one of Byrnes's right-hand men, and received official introduction to the different captains, so that whenever he needed police aid there would be no hitch in getting it.

He then paid a visit to the Grand Union Hotel, and found the Penns astir at last.

They hailed his arrival with great eagerness.

"Any news yet?" Peter demanded.

"No; not of your boy!"

"Strange he wa'n't at Hotel Dam!"

"He was unknown there, and the case is very suspicious. Are you sure that the letter which you received was in your son's own writing?"

"We ain't seen his writin' before sence he was a boy."

"True; and that would be no clew. Time works changes in all ways. Well, I have no news—"

"But we have. There was a man here a bit ago who said he thought he could find Jimmy if I'd give him ten dollars."

"I suppose you gave it to him?"

"You bet!"

"Then good-by to your ten!"

"How so?"
"Because you'll never see it or the man again."

"Oh! yes, I will. I've got an appointment to meet him, when he will introduce me to my son. See?"

"Where is this meeting to take place?"

"At the Hoffman House."

This information caused Dick to waver for a moment in his opinion. If Penn was menaced by a confidence-man, it was odd that one of the very best, and most respectable hotels had been chosen as the place of meeting.

"He continued his inquiries tersely:

"When?"

"At noon, to-morrow."

"What was the name of this man who called upon you?"

"Samuel Slater."

Dick gave vent to a low whistle.

Fresh from the interview with Inspector Byrnes, the name had a striking meaning, just then. At that moment he carried in his pocket the list of the most noted of these confidence men, and among them was that of Slater, *alias* Sawdust Sam.

If the two Slaters were one and the same person, the old gentleman was certainly in danger, as far as his pocketbook was concerned.

"I advise you not to keep this appointment," the detective prince replied.

"Why not?"

"Because I think it a trap—"

"Do ye know Slater?"

"Oh! I've heard of him. He don't bear the best reputation in the world. If you go to the Hoffman House, you had better leave your money behind with your wife."

"Not much! I allus handles my own money."

"All right, sir, but if you get done up, you will remember what I told you."

"Hadh't you better do as he says, father?" asked Mrs. Penn.

"I'll do as I says!" replied Peter, obstinately.

"But there may be some mistake."

"There ain't none!" declared Mr. Penn, with growing decision. "Mr. Slater is a friend o' Jimmy's, an' Jimmy's friends is all right."

"I left word at Hotel Dam," Dick added, "for your son to call here if he should show up."

"If he don't live there reg'lar," observed Mrs. Penn, "I don't b'lieve he lives right in New York."

"Nor do I," replied Dick. "I've heard of old William Penn, but I'll wager there's no very rich Penns in New York."

After some deliberation, Dick decided not to interfere with the old man going to the Hoffman House; but he would be there, too, to watch proceedings.

It might prove to be the very chance to get evidence against Slater.

CHAPTER IV.

BILLY BUCKET AND—SOMEBODY ELSE.

LEAVING the Penns, Dick proceeded to look about the city, and in the course of his rambles was surprised to encounter an old friend.

It was Billy Bucket, his boy partner of the Coney Island case, but there was a great change in him.

Although yet but young, he had apparently developed into a full-fledged bum, and was then evidently just recovering from the effects of a spree.

"Well, Billy, I thought you were in the far West!" Dick exclaimed. "What are you doing here in New York, and in this condition? When I last saw you, you were fixed up like a gentleman; now you look like a bum!"

"I feel like one this mornin', friend Dick; but I'm awful glad to see you. But come! let's drop in here. I must have a bracer before I'll feel like myself, and we kin chin too."

So they entered a large beer garden near at hand, and became seated.

The huge orchestra was playing, and everywhere in the immense hall, all was bustle.

Dick and Billy became seated, and the boy ordered whisky for himself, while Dick simply indulged in a cigar.

"Yes, I'm purty well broke up, that's a fact."

"I got tired of it out West, an' was glad to get back here. I got to drinkin' out there, an' I blowed in all my sugar. How to git back here I didn't know. But luck was wid me. I picked up a pocketbook some rich chap had dropped, and you kin bet I didn't lose no time, nor let any bufler grass grow under my feet 'til I got back to New York."

"I had money left, and so I bought out a sa-

loon down in Wooster street. Et ain't exactly a straight place, 'cause my customers is mostly crooks o' one sort or 'nother; but they allus puts out the sugar. I ain't doin' so bad, even if I be in poor clothes an' without cash jest now, fer I'm makin' ten a day, an' some days more. I never drink in me own place, but git my bracers somewhere else. There! Now ye know, as near as I kin tell ye, what I've been doin' sence you seen me last!"

"You've been doing very little good to yourself, or to any one else!" Dick replied, sternly. "Why don't you throw up the saloon, and stop drinking?"

Tears sparkled in the youth's eyes.

"I'd 'a' done et, ef I had had enny one to encourage me. After you left me, I felt as if I hadn't a friend left. I took a drink o' whisky, and that seemed ter comfort me. Then I took another, an' another and continued to feel better. So I kept on, until I got all broke up. I know I've been a fool, but ef you was to take me back ag'in, I'd brace up, and be like I was before—indeed I would, boss!"

This was said in a manner which touched the detective, in spite of the youth's disreputable appearance.

Dick, to tell truth, was about as much affected as the boy was—for Billy now wept piteously.

"Well, Billy," Bristol replied, "I'll take you back on the condition that you won't drink any more. You can be of service to me, perhaps, by retaining your saloon, so I will not just yet bar that out. If it is a source of profit to you, in a pecuniary sense, it may be to me, in a professional sense."

"How do you mean?"

"Promise me, first, that this is your last drink; then I will confide in you."

The poor boy shuddered as he heard the request.

"Dick," he said, "I'd like to, but I dassent. I'm sure I'd git 'em!"

"The Jim-jams?"

"Yes. I'll agree to taper off by degrees, and you shall be the doctor; but I can't shut off all to once—sure, I can't!"

"Very well. I'll be as lenient with you as I can. And when I think you need a drink, you shall have it. Go get yourself a whole new outfit, and come to the Hoffman House, at twelve o'clock, presentable in appearance. Promise me not to drink again till I see you?"

"Can I have a nip, then?"

"Yes."

Then Dick left him.

"Poor boy," he muttered, "I cannot but pity him! But, no fear—I'll fetch him to Limerick, as the Irishman says, and utilize him, at the same time!"

This encounter gave the detective food for thought, and he studied considerably on how he could redeem Billy, while looking around further. Meeting with no adventure he retired early, that night, and the next day, turned his steps toward the Hoffman House at a suitable hour to see how Peter Penn succeeded.

He arrived there in pretty good season, and as the corridors, picture gallery and bar were crowded, he managed to keep out of view.

He had never been in the hotel before, but secured a good position for observation.

The place was thronged with men who, in the majority of cases, were strangers to each other, and so there was little danger that he would be noticed.

He lit a cigar, and stood leaning against the wall at a convenient point.

Presently, a stranger approached.

"Mr. Bristol, I believe?" he said.

"Well, yes. Who are you? if I may ask."

"My name is James Penn!"

Here was a revelation, but it did not impress Deadwood Dick very favorably. The stranger's age was, evidently, just about right for the demands of the case, and he was far from being ill-looking, but, the shrewd detective at once conceived dislike and suspicion toward him.

Even if he was the missing Jimmy, how did it happen that he knew Dick?

"Am I to understand that I ought to recognize an acquaintance in you?" the detective quietly asked, betraying no surprise.

"Is the name new to you?" asked the alleged Jimmy, with a smile.

"Why should it be otherwise?"

"Oh! come now, I am all right; and you need not hesitate to speak right to the point. I am Jim Penn, and I have been informed that you arrived with my parents. You were seen in conversation with them, shortly before you reached New York, by a friend of mine. If you can tell me where they are, or conduct me

to their present whereabouts, I shall be glad to see them."

"If you wait a while, you may be able to recognize your father among the crowd," Dick suggested.

"Yes; if he comes."

"Oh! I reckon he will come."

"He must have changed some since I saw him."

"A man is likely to know his own father," Dick answered, with growing suspicion.

If the stranger detected any shadow of doubt, he did not betray the fact. His manner continued quiet and easy. He smiled slightly.

"Well, I reckon I ought to know the old man, even if I have been away fourteen years. I generally recognize any one I've seen once. Tell you the truth, I've seen you and the old folks, for I was on the train when it left Peekskill, and knew my parents. I thought you were a friend of theirs; so, says I, I'll surprise 'em. So when you arrived at the depot I was first off the train, but couldn't get eyes on you again."

This was a statement calculated to awaken fresh suspicion.

"Failing to locate you," resumed the self-styled Jimmy, "I had to wait the progress of events. I rung in a friend of mine—being busy, myself—and he went about to investigate the various hotels. Of course he found the old folks' name when he struck the Grand Union."

"Strange that you didn't go there to see your worthy parents, instead of inviting Penn here."

"That, sir," was the stiff reply, "was a private affair."

"I presume it was a private affair, also, when you gave them a false address," Dick returned, sarcastically.

"Sir?"

"You gave your address as the Hotel Dam, and, when I inquired there, I found that you were wholly unknown at the place."

"Oh! I only dropped in and used a bit of their stationery, for the occasion."

"But, you either plainly told your father, or gave him the impression, that you were actually residing there."

"Well, what is that to you?" was the quick, belligerent inquiry.

"Simply this: I think you are a fraud!"

"You do?"

"That's the plain English of it."

Dick spoke with quiet unconcern. The self-styled James was putting on an air as though he intended to resent this insinuation against his character in true pugilistic style, but he did not create a ripple in the detective's mind.

"Sir, if you were not my father's friend, I would do you up!" the stranger declared.

"I am not his friend."

"I believe you. You are a traitor—"

"I am Peter Penn's friend, but he is not your father!"

There was a savage glitter in the claimant's eyes, but he evidently thought it best to control his anger. Possibly he was observing enough to see that Dick could walk all over him, in a fight, and not half try.

"Bah! we are wasting words!" he declared.

"I won't quarrel with you, for Peter Penn would object. He will vouch for me when he comes."

"I will see you meet him," was the detective's quiet response.

The alleged Jimmy curled his lips scornfully, and then, without another word, went a few steps away and sat down.

"I'll see the end of this!" muttered Dick.

CHAPTER V.

A FOOLISH MAN FROM KANSAS.

DEADWOOD DICK consulted his watch.

It was already past the hour of noon.

It was at twelve o'clock that Mr. Peter Penn was to be at the hotel to meet his son, but he had not shown up.

The son—or some one claiming to be the son—was there in plain view. The alleged Jimmy Penn sat at one side and was wrapped in a mantle of serene composure. If any uneasiness existed in his mind, it did not show in his manner.

Was he really Peter's son? This was what the detective could not determine.

Time passed, and Dick's watch indicated twenty minutes to one. He began to fear that the old farmer was not coming. No father would be so late when invited to meet his son, it seemed.

At that moment a bell-boy approached, and stated that the clerk wished to see Dick. The latter went to the gentleman named.

"Pardon me, sir," was the polite greeting, "but is your name Bristol?"

"Yes."

"I thought so from the description. Then we have something for you."

He passed over a letter, and Dick, breaking open the envelope, found the name of Peter Penn signed to a brief note. It read as follows:

"Cannot get to the Hoffman House. Come here at once, for I want to see you on most important business."

Then followed the signature and the name of Mr. Penn's hotel.

Dick had seen the old gentleman's writing before, and was sure that the note was genuine. He decided to answer the call. He did not like to leave the self-styled James, but he was not under any obligations to watch him. If Peter Penn wished to see him at the Grand Union, he would obey the summons.

Accordingly, he went at once.

When he arrived there he found Mrs. Penn, but there was no sign of Peter.

"He's gone out, but he told me to ask you to stay when ye came," the old lady explained.

"What is the important business he has on hand?"

"To meet Jimmy."

"Has he gone there now?"

"Yes, sir."

"But he wrote me to come here."

"I don't know anything about that."

Here was something Dick could not understand.

"Looks suspicious," he thought. "Has Peter given his aid to decoy me away from the Hoffman? If anything of the kind is contemplated it is a waste of powder; I am not engaged in the case, and care but little about it."

He did care in one way—Peter Penn had refused to take his advice; had showed a good deal of obstinacy; and had wound up by sending him on what looked like a wild-goose chase.

Dick decided to consult his own preferences, so he left the Penns' quarters and returned to the Hoffman. Perhaps he could find Penn or his son.

When he arrived there neither was to be seen. The only pleasing sight was Billy Bucket.

He had on a good suit of clothes, a clean shirt and collar, and a new Derby hat.

"Why, you're looking well," Dick exclaimed.

"Yes, and feelin' well," was the reply, "for I met a man as took a shine to me, an' I kinder reckon, from a remark he made, that he knows you."

"What kind of a looking man?"

"Well, a reg'lar hayseed. Hails from Kansas."

"Mr. Penn, of Kansas. Who was with him? Any one you know?"

"Rather reckon I do. He's one of the gang what hangs out at my place. He's known as Shady."

"What is his real name?"

"Well, I dunno. I guess Joe Reed. Anyhow, letters come to my place for him, under that name. Who from I don't know."

"What's Reed's profess?"

Bill hesitated a moment. He had been thrown more or less among hard characters since he took his saloon, and, though he had made friends with none of them, he did not like to confess.

Nevertheless he was true to his friend, so he answered:

"I reckon I can put you on track of the game. If I don't, you may bet I'll find 'em. Come! We will pay a visit to my shebang. There, I guess, I'll be able to point out the characters you want. If not, I'll take you to Steve Brodie's on the Bowery. If we don't find the old man there, I'll think up some other place, for I know New York from the Battery to Harlem."

So to Billy's place they went.

Up-stairs—it was a two-story building—was a ten-cent lodging concern. Down-stairs was the saloon.

Dick thought he had been in some of the toughest places in New York, but when Billy led him into this den, he knew he was mistaken, for it beat anything he had ever encountered.

Cobwebs and dirt reigned supreme, and the odor was disgusting. The room was filled with a most disreputable-looking crowd, and of the very lowest type, with one exception.

The exception was a dandified young man.

His clothes were fine; his boots of the best make, his necktie faultless.

He had a smooth face, dark eyes, a pleasant mouth, an aquiline nose—in fact, he was a handsome man, aged about thirty-five.

"We will have a drink," Billy said, to the warty-nosed individual who presided behind the counter. "Seen Slater to-day?"

"No. He'd better show up, or I won't give him anything more."

"Let him have all he wants, Mike; in fact, more than he wants. I want to sell out cheap, and I reckon he's the fellow as may take this place."

"Ye'r tired of it, eh?"

"Yes, I am; an' then, too, I've had a bit of experience. Has Joe Reed shown up lately?"

"Haven't seen a sign of him."

Dick did not remain long at the saloon, for, after a careful survey of the congregation, Billy announced that none of Slater's crowd was there.

"We'll try Steve Brodie's, on the Bowery," Billy said. "I reckon we'll find out something there."

So to Steve Brodie's they went.

The bridge-jumper was not in, but sporting men of all descriptions were to be seen.

Billy was evidently known, for several of the sports nodded to him, and the bartender smiled upon him graciously.

"Seen Slater to-day?" Billy asked.

"No, I haven't."

"D'ye know where he can be found?"

"No, I don't, for he was not in here lately."

"Seen Joe Reed?"

"Yes. But only for a minute."

"Where can he be found?"

"He said he was goin' to the matinee, over at the London Theater."

"Was there any one with him?"

"No."

So Dick and Billy left Brodie's place, and wended their way up-town again to the Hoffman House, where, to their surprise, they found Mr. Penn, of Kansas, in an exuberant condition, evidently from the effect of strong drink. He greeted Dick effusively.

"Aha! (hic) old boy, how aire ye? Been expectin' ye. How's the windy wind blowin'? Bless your heart! Been havin' a jolly time, you can bet!"

"Found your son, I suppose?"

"No; but he will be here, to-night. Come! We will have a nip, and I want to tell you something. Can't stand the prices here, but we can find a place near by. Here is the boy, again. Take it you know him. Who is he?"

"A friend of mine."

"Then he's all right; so come along!"

They left the Hoffman, and started toward a neighboring basement saloon.

"Mr. Penn," said Dick, "you wrote me that you had important business with me."

"So I did."

"What is the business?"

"I want ye to help me select a bang-up, high-toned present fer my Jimmy, when I find him."

"Is that all?" Dick asked, in disgust.

"Yes."

The old gentleman was at ease, but the detective would have left him had he not known that his present condition was far from being common to him. Reaching the saloon, they entered.

"D'ye know ef the old woman is worryin' a bit, Mr. Dick?" asked Penn.

"I shouldn't be surprised if she was."

"Well, et's a long time sence I had sech a racket, an' I reckon et'll be a long time before another. So it's best to have et out now. What'll ye take?" as they took seats at a table.

"A cigar."

"And you?"—to Billy Bucket.

"Give me a cigar, too."

"Whisky fer me. Thunderation! What will the old woman say, when she smells my breath? She'll vow I've been drinkin'! Here, you bartender, bring us a whisky and two good cigars!"

They were brought, and the old man tendered a crisp ten-dollar bill in payment.

The bartender looked at it closely, and then passed it back.

"N. G.!" he said.

"N. G.! What d'ye mean?"

"No good. We don't take bogus money in this place!"

CHAPTER VI.

COUNTERFEIT.

"Now, I want ter know what's the matter with that aire bill!" Mr. Penn declared, indignantly. "Why, blast your impudence, that's good!"

"No good!" was the response. "It's a dead open-and-shut counterfeit, and, if ye don't pay for drinks with good money, I'll have ye locked up!"

"Ye will, hey? Now, look here, young man, ye don't know who ye'r talkin' to!"

"No, nor do I want to. What I do want is my money. I'm responsible for what drinks I serve, and I want my pay. Ye can't shove off no queer on me."

"Gol darn your picture! I'll—"

"Be quiet, Mr. Penn," interposed Dick. "I'll pay for the drinks."

And he did so, and the dispenser returned to the bar.

After the man had gone Dick turned to Peter Penn.

"Now, Mr. Penn, be kind enough to tell me where you got the bill. But, first let me see it."

Penn gave him the note, and Dick examined it minutely.

He was a good judge of money, and at once decided that it was counterfeit, but a clever one, to say the least.

"Where did you get this, Mr. Penn?"

"At the Hoffman House."

"From whom?"

"From a personal friend of Jimmy's—one of the slickest-lookin' young men I've met in a dog's age!"

"What's his name?" Dick asked.

"Joseph Reed—a gent I heard from afore I left Kansas, in a business way. I've seen him, now, an' I feel better for it. Oh! he's a fine fellow. Why, darn it; he must have spent ten dollars at the bar, and it needn't cost me a red. Tell ye what, ye don't find them kind of men out in Kansas this feller was A 1, and no mistake!"

"One of the biggest crooks in New York!"

"Crooks! What's that?"

"Beats—swindlers, scoundrels. How did you come by that bill?"

"Well, you see, it was this way. He was settin' 'em up, right along, an' I begun ter think et was my turn!"

"Yes?"

"So, as I hadn't nothin' but a hundred dollar bill, I asked Reed could he change it. He said he could, and he did. He gave me ten tens, and this is one of them."

"You've been taken in for a greeny. The change he gave you was counterfeit, but a clever one. Did he offer to sell you anything?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"He offered to sell me a thousand ten dollar bills for one hundred dollars, guaranteed to pass for genuine."

"I suppose you took up the offer?"

"Yes. I am to meet him to-night."

"Where?"

"He would not tell me where, but said he would meet me if I was in the neighborhood of the Grand Union Hotel!"

Deadwood Dick looked in pity at the old man. He was naturally honest and respectable, but had started on the wrong road since leaving Kansas.

He had disgraced himself by drinking more than prudence would allow, and was on the way to something worse.

"Mr. Penn, do you understand what this money is that you are to get so cheaply?" the detective asked.

"Oh! it's some new-fangled city contrivance," Peter replied. "I reckon they call it stocks."

"Does not your experience in trying to pass that ten-dollar note give you a clew?"

"That blockhead said 'twas counterfeit."

"That is just what every dollar you get from Joseph Reed will be."

"Say!" cried Penn, indignantly, "do you know that Reed is a friend o' my Jimmy?"

"I hope he is not."

"He is, an' I shall stan' up fer him. See? Jimmy wouldn't mix with knaves."

"Mr. Penn, listen to me—"

"No, I won't! You insult my friends, an' that I won't bear."

"Have your own way, headstrong man. I hope you won't bring up at Sing Sing, but if you do, remember I have warned you. So Reed is to meet you?"

"Yes."

"All right. We will be there."

"We will? Mr. Bristol, I was instructed to positively come alone!"

"Exactly! I will be near by, however, for I want a glimpse of Mr. Reed."

This did not seem to suit the fancy of Mr. Penn.

"Well, as long as you keep out of sight, all right," he said, ungraciously. "For I know that any interference of yours would spoil my chances of making a fortune."

"All right. You propose to buy the green goods, then?"

JNA

"Not until I have seen them. Here, waiter, give us something more to drink. Take yer change out of this, an' don't come back sayin' it's no good, or, blast me, ef I don't kick you to Kansas!"

And Penn presented the same bill he had offered before.

The bartender looked at it, felt of it, and said:

"That's all right. You riled me when you tried to rush the other one off on me. I ain't ter be caught on snaps, you bet!"

And he walked away with great dignity to get the change, which he presently returned with.

"That bill is O. K.," he announced. "The other one you'd better tear up, or you'll get into trouble afore ye know it."

"Yes, I reckon ye'r' right."

Then the bartender went away, while the man from Kansas grinned with great delight.

"Beat him, after all, didn't I?" he chuckled.

"Better skip!" said Mr. Bucket.

"Skip? What d'ye mean, you young rascal?"

"Cause, ef thet joker discovers the mistake he's been gone an' made, he'll likely go fer ye, in Sullivan style. I know him! He is a slugger, an' you are too old to stand up ag'in him."

"My young man, you are wholly wrong. Old Peter Penn kin help himself, even if he is old, and don't ye fergit it. He may hev been fetched up in the backwoods, but he's not to be skeart out by an owl. There's strength in his bones, sech as you're not liable to hev when you get my age—ef you ever do."

"Oh! I'll live to be a hundred," Billy averred.

"Mr. Penn," added Dick, gravely, "you have had singularly good luck in fooling the barkeeper, but do you know what the result may be?"

"No."

"You have passed counterfeit money—"

"He says so!"

"I say so, too. The money was counterfeit, and the transaction may yet land you in States Prison."

Dick's gravity at last impressed the farmer.

"Say, what shall I do?" he asked, nervously.

"Allow me to get the counterfeit back, redeeming it with good money; and assure the barkeeper that your second attempt was only a joke."

Penn readily acquiesced, and the exchange was soon made. The dispenser of fluids was inclined to be angry, but a fresh order mollified him.

This matter had barely been settled when another man entered the saloon—an elegantly-dressed young fellow who sported diamonds and carried a gold-headed cane.

Dick at once became interested; he recognized the self-styled Jimmy Penn, who had accosted him at the Hoffman House earlier in the day, and was curious to learn what would follow.

Keeping his face averted he watched closely.

"Jimmy" passed without appearing to see them.

He took a drink at the bar, twirled his handsome mustache, and then advanced to the table at which Dick, Billy and Mr. Penn were seated.

To the latter he nodded and made inquiry:

"Are you old Penn, from Kansas?"

"Well, rather!"

"Then, I have the honor of being your son Jimmy!"

In a moment father and alleged son were locked in each other's embrace.

"Oh! my son!" exclaimed Peter, "how glad I am to see ye. How ye hev grown!"

"Oh! yes, a little. How's mam?"

"Oh! she's bully! She's up at the Grand Union Hotel. You must come right up and see her."

"Can't, just now, dad!"

"Why not?"

"Cause I've got some business matters to look to. I am no longer a boy, you see, but one of the busiest men in New York, in the true business sense."

"My boy! I'm proud of you!" Peter declared, with beaming eyes.

"But I'm always 'Jimmy' to you and mam!" asserted the claimant, with a show of filial affection which made Dick smile sarcastically.

"You're jest the same as ever," murmured Peter. "Mr. Bristol, this is my boy, Jimmy."

"I've met Bristol," remarked Jimmy, stiffly.

"Ah!"

"And he tried to kick up a racket by declarin' that I was not your son."

"Fiddlesticks!"

"I take back nothing," Dick coolly observed.

"I don't want to break up your love-feast, and

you can go in as strong as you please; but I reserve the right to hold my own opinion."

"You show a lack o' feelin', sir," asserted Peter Penn, "but we're too happy ter bear ill will. Ain't we, Jimmy?"

Jimmy's expression did not indicate a forgiving spirit, but he managed to acquiesce.

"Well, dad, I've got an engagement I can't break, so I must leave you now. This evening, though, I'll drop in on you and mam."

"Be sure ter come, Jimmy!"

"I'll be there, sure. Well, so-long, dad!" and Mr. Jimmy Penn took his departure.

"That is my son!" Old Peter said, turning to Dick in triumph.

"I don't think so, Mr. Penn."

"Why not?"

"Because the fellow is simply humbugging you, same as Reed did."

"Nonsense! You're crazy!"

"Not quite. The fellow does not bear the slightest resemblance to you."

"I don't care a darn. He's my son, just the same. I'm sure of it."

"And I'm sure he is not."

The old man was stung to a nervous pitch, and his answer was forcible.

"You're exasperatin', darn you!"

"No; I'm simply candid. That's all."

"You're in the wrong, an' I know et, as well as I know my name is Peter Penn."

"I don't think so. I am positive the chap is not your son."

"What are your reasons for thinkin' so?"

"Well, in the first place, how should he have known that you were here?"

"Reed told him."

"And Reed is the man who gave you the bogus money. Is he to be considered a straight character? Would it be natural to suppose that, if your son is worthy of your affection and trust, he would be directed here by a man like Reed, who is, without doubt, a crook? Here's a boy"—turning to Billy—"who can tell you the same."

"Well, I can," corroborated Billy. "That feller is a chump, and don't ye fergit it. I run a business down on Wooster street, and I know who and what he is. I agree wid Dick, my old boss. The feller ain't your son. He's Handsome Hal. The tail end of his name I don't know, but I'm sure o' him!"

Mr. Penn began to look serious.

"Well, maybe you're right, but I don't believe it, yet."

"Well, wait and see," Dick replied. "If you get swindled out of your money, don't kick. I've a mission here, and that is to find out and convict a gang of green-goods men. That you have already become one of their victims, there is no doubt."

"Now, looker here! I'm from Kansas, and I ain't no spring chicken, either, but just as tough. Prove to me that I'm not smart as they make 'em, and I'll prove to you that I'm as game as they air."

"Well, all right. I'll leave you now, and search up the pedigree of this chap who claims to be your son."

"That may not be easy."

"If I can catch him, I'll soon know what his pedigree is, never fear. In the mean time, old man, you had better go back to your hotel, and go to sleep. When you wake, you will have a decidedly clearer mind, I think."

"Guess you're right. Then, too, my old woman'll be in hysterics. Git me a carriage!"

A hack was called; old Penn was bundled in, and Dick and Billy accompanying him, he was taken to his room and put to bed.

CHAPTER VII.

BILLY GIVES THE "TIP."

THERE were several clouds rising which threatened to make trouble for Mr. Peter Penn, and, one of them was both near at hand and threatening.

When he was brought in it was impossible to avoid seeing that he had been drinking, whereupon Mrs. Penn was first dumfounded, and then ominously silent with anger.

Never before had she seen her partner in life in such a state, and affairs promised to be lively when he awakened in his sober senses. Having cared for Peter, his guardians left him with his wife.

"What do you think of it, Billy?" Dick asked.

"Of what, boss?"

"The fellow you called Handsome Hal. Is he old Penn's son?"

"I dunno. If he is, he's a skin from ther word go. He's a bunco-steerer, and you can bet on it. He works it quiet, tho'. I think that he, Slater an' Reed, all work together."

"Where are we likely to run across Mr. Jimmy again?"

"You've got me there. Let me think," and the boy detective reflected for some time.

"Come with me to Sixth avenue," he finally suggested. "I think I can find out there."

And to Sixth avenue they went.

The particular vicinity which Billy had in mind, and the place to which he led, was a resort of the devotees of the race-track. There, men of all grades, rich and poor, honest and dishonest, were to be found; and hundreds of dollars changed hands during race days, either on Jerome Park, Gravesend, Brighton, Clifton or Guttenburg events.

"I reckon we'll find him here," Billy remarked, as they left the car. "He's a lucky man on hosses, and Guttenburg is his winnin' day. That's to-day. When he stakes his money on a hoss at Guttenburg, you kin bet he allus wins."

Dick did not think it necessary to argue this point.

"Does he always come here?"

"Yes, 'most allus."

So entering the saloon, they bought cigars, and passed up the stairway to the next floor, into the pool-room.

The principal things to be seen were eagerly-watched blackboards and the heterogeneous class of sporting-men who frequent these places.

Rank cigar smoke was uncomfortably prevalent, and, even in cold weather, the atmosphere was hot and oppressive.

"Now," continued Billy, "you just take a tip from me. I didn't bring you here merely ter find that feller. This is Guttenburg day. You kin make some money fer both of us!"

"What horse?"

"Let me look over the board," and with the eye of a connoisseur, Billy looked over the record.

"Put a hundred on Ban Ban, first, and Eastlake, second! If they don't win, I'll give you back your money."

"Why don't you back them if you feel so sure?"

"I'm going to—after you."

"What makes you think they are to be winners?"

"Cause, Handsome Hal allus backs 'em, and has backed 'em to-day, you bet!"

"How do you know?"

"I guess. I'm a sort o' prophet, Dick. Try me this once, and, if I fail ye, give me a kick an' have nothin' more to do with me. You kin lose a couple hundred an' not feel it, can't ye?"

"Well, I'm not inclined to venture where loss is more than half certain; still, I'll run the risk. Here's the money; put it on your favorite horse."

Billy took the money and disappeared among the throng.

The odds were thirty to one against Ban Ban, for first. If Ban Ban won, Dick would receive a big sum of money.

Eastlake, even money.

The excitement waxed hot.

The race was about to begin, and the crowd in the room became larger and larger.

Billy returned with the tickets.

"You're goin' to be a winner, sure as blazes!" he declared.

"How do you know? You're not a horse-man."

"But, Mr. Dick, I know a lot about 'em. If you put another hundred on Ban Ban it will win while we are workin' up this other case."

Dick reflected for a moment.

He was beginning to have more confidence in his boy detective.

"Have you seen the man you call Handsome Hal?"

"Yes. He's put two hundred on Ban Ban, an' one on Eastlake."

"How long before the returns will be in?"

"Off, at Guttenburg!" shouted the marker.

Then followed an interval of suspense.

"Ban Ban ahead!" yelled the marker.

Billy sprung to his feet.

He was greatly excited.

"A hundred on Eastlake!" shouted a bettor.

"I'll take that bet!" Dick cried.

But, he was not taken; the previous speaker weakened.

Ban Ban won!

And Dick's second horse secured a "place."

There, inside of a few minutes, had the Western man won a comfortable sum of money through the agency of the ex-gamin.

"Didn't I tell yer!" the boy ejaculated, after the detective had cashed his ticket.

"You're right, Billy. But, where is our game, pray? He has disappeared."

Billy laughed.

"You're purty cute," he allowed, "but you need not be afraid that Hal will leave. But, here goes Eolian and Kingfish—ten to one. Quick! give me the same as before!"

Dick did so, and Billy's judgment was again right.

Eolian came in nearly two lengths ahead, with Kingfish second—both winners!

"Why, boy, you have made me a pocketful of money!"

"Foller me, an' you'll wear diamonds!" was the rejoinder; "fer I'm the kid as kin give out the 'tips' to you, boss."

It was raining at Guttenburg, and the betting was getting rather slow.

The next race, outside of non-favorites, was between "Aurelia B." and Mayfield. Both were young on the course, and great interest was manifested; hence the betting was lively again.

But Dick's attention suddenly became diverted from this interest in the races, for he was approached by the alleged Mr. Jimmy Penn.

"Here we are again!" Penn junior saluted.

"What have you done with my old man?"

"He is at home," Dick coldly replied.

"You're around for fun, aren't you? I am."

"For fun of that mild and honest order which, I know, must be natural to Peter Penn's son!"

Young Penn scowled wrathfully.

"What d'ye mean?" he demanded.

"Well, Mr. Penn, I reckon you and I had better say so-long and quit company."

"Why so?"

"You may be a model young man, but I don't believe you're old Peter's son, and I do believe you are a fraud from the word go. As I don't fancy frauds, I will bid you good-day. But, you had better keep an eye on your doings. The first you know you will find yourself down in durance vile, where you rightfully belong!"

"Mr. Whoever-you-are, you're an insulting puppy!" cried Penn junior; "and now I'll either lick you, or you will do the act to me. We don't take this sort of talk in New York."

Handsome Hal put up his hands in a very scientific way, and seemed prepared to "sail in" on his enemy, but Deadwood Dick regarded him scornfully.

"You are a fool, and a very feeble sort of a fool at that."

"See here, do you want me to knock you through that wall?" blustered Jimmy.

"Anything to oblige you, but make sure that you can land your fish before you hook him. I am on to you, Mister Handsome Hal."

Penn junior wavered; his gaze fell. He no longer evinced a craving for pugilistic exercise.

"I don't catch on at all," he declared, "but, as you are my old dad's friend we won't quarrel, and, as I am in a hurry, I'll leave you now," which he did—vanishing at once.

Billy Bucket came to the detective's side.

"Ye didn't nab him, boss?"

"No; I'm not hired for that job. When Peter Penn comes down from his high horse, and asks for my aid, he can have it. At present, my business is to do the job for which I was summoned to New York."

"An' I kin help ye, sure! I've been makin' inquiries, an' reckon I kin show ye Sawdust Sam, but it will take ye to a mighty tough place."

"No matter; we'll go. Take me when you please!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A PERPLEXED PETER.

MR. PENN awoke with a feeling that something was wrong. The head which he carried on his shoulders did not seem to belong to him. There was a painful ache in that region, and the head, itself, appeared to be of abnormal size.

He soon found that this was not his only trouble.

Mrs. Penn had been watching his slumber with ominous patience, and she now had an inkling. She had a distinct opinion of liquor, and of men who indulge in strong beverages, and she gave her views to Peter in terms which soon caused him to flee from the hotel.

Once outside, he soon had an idea. He had been reading the city papers, and had been impressed by the advertisement of a certain woman who called herself "Madam Zara, Gypsy fortune-teller and clairvoyant."

"I'll just hev my fortune told, and then I'll know if my son is my son, or not my son, be gosh!" was the credulous old granger's decision.

Mme. Zara was not in when he arrived, so he had to wait.

Presently she entered, attired so attractively that the old Kansan was quite captivated.

She greeted him promptly.

"Ah! how do you do? I had an impression you were coming."

"You had?"

"Certainly. You have been in my mind for over seven days."

"Go away! How do you know who I be?"

"Your name is Peter Penn!"

Peter's face expressed his astonishment.

"Maybe ye kin tell more?" he suggested, after a pause.

"You are just sixty years of age!"

Mr. Penn was amazed.

"You are a witch!" he declared.

"I am one to whom is given unusual and wonderful powers," Zara returned impressively, yet with a manner sufficiently gracious to please him. "All things are known, or may be known, to me. Now, you want me to tell you what became of your son, who disappeared from you some years ago?"

"Yes, that's so."

"Well, he is a prisoner at Sing Sing. He was arrested for forgery, and sent up for five years."

"You are wrong now, dead sure."

"No, I tell you the truth."

"Why, darn it! I've seen my son within the last few hours!" the old fellow declared, with a show of anger.

"You have not. The fellow who claims to be your son is a scoundrel—depend on that. He is working in collusion with others. Your real son is up the river."

"Well, the detective told me I was bein' played for a fiddle, but I didn't b'leve him; durned ef I did! I reckoned I was right, but it appears I'm wrong."

"You surely are."

"Old man Penn seldom gets left," murmured that person, "but et seems he has this trip! I s'pose I've riled the detective, and there'll be no use of apologizin'!"

These words were murmured audibly.

"You had better keep your friends, when you have any, sir," Zara advised. "The people of our, or any other city, have but little sympathy for other people's sufferings. Mountebanks, thieves, and swindlers get the boodle, and I stand between them and the honest citizens as a protector. I have on my list of applicants for information, some of the wealthiest and most fashionable people in New York."

"Ye don't say so!"

"I do. And now I'll tell you what I'll do. You want to see your boy out of jail, no doubt. I have great influence."

"And you can get him out?"

"I can. Within forty-eight hours you can see him, but it will cost you a little sum of money."

"How much?"

"One hundred dollars."

"So much? Darn my socks, ef you New Yorkers ain't allers squealin' fur money. D'ye think we men of Kansas are made of money?"

"No. You're corn-fed, with a sprinkling of distillery mash," laughed the beautiful Gypsy.

"You Western men are able to stand corn diet. Ah! a ring at my bell. Another customer! You must make your decision at once, sir. Business is business, you know."

"One hundred dollars?"

"That's the price."

Poor Penn! The Kansas farm was gone, never to return, and the money was going at an alarming pace, too.

Suddenly a bright thought struck him.

Like most Western men, he delighted in a horse-race, and really was noted among his fellow-farmers as a judge of horses.

Why could he not make a stake on the great races, of which everybody around the hotel were then talking? Why might not the Gypsy be able to put him on to something good? She certainly ought to be able to do so.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said. "If you're such a wonder, give me three horses—sure to win—at Clifton."

"What do I get, pray, for such information?"

"Half the money; an' you're to produce my son from Sing Sing if you get the boodle."

"It's a bargain."

"Very well. What horses aire ye goin' to give me?"

"Ossipee, first; Ten Booker, second; Palatka, third—or, a possible second."

"And ef I bet on 'em, I win?"

"Yes. Put a hundred on each horse, or on the first two, and I'll guarantee you will win."

If you like, I will place the money. In fact, I think it would be most advisable to let me do so, as I know all the bookmakers."

"Well, go ahead; but, mind, if ye don't win, there will be war in New York. How much money d'ye want?"

"Five hundred."

"Not much! I ain't goin' to be roped in for a tune like that! Jee-whiz! What do ye take me fer, anyhow?"

"A gentleman farmer from Kansas," was the reply.

Peter Penn stared in fresh wonder.

"How'd you know I come from Kansas?" he demanded.

"Because I know! How do I know the many wonderful things that I bring to light?"

"How much do I owe you?" Penn demanded, in disgust.

"Are you not going to invest in the races?"

"Nix!"

"Well—Ah! a ring at the door, and I know it so well."

And Zara glided into the hall.

Mr. Penn looked after her doubtfully.

"Darned fine lookin' gal—but as treacherous as a tigress, or the wind. Reckon when I find that Bristol, ag'in, I'll introduce him. Dunno as Bristol an' I will get on together now, tho'.

Darn it, the more I think the matter over, the more et occurs ter me I've made a fool o' myself."

Peter shook his head gravely.

"I ain't sure that I've been livin' as Parson Jones would hev me, sense I come ter New York. Ef my good wife is ter be believed—an' she is—I've dranked more liquor than a whole outfit o' cowboys could stand. I didn't think a Penn would do it."

Zara returned, and he at once rose from the chair.

"I'm off!" he announced.

"What!—can't we trade?" the Gypsy demanded.

"Not a trade, ter-day. You're mighty cunnin', I admit, but, I've got ter have time ter see how ye do it. I may come back, but I don't scatter any more money jest now."

"Very well," Zara pleasantly returned; "but, if you see fit to call again, you will be welcome."

Then Peter left the house.

CHAPTER IX.

A LIVELY RACKET FOR ALL HANDS.

DEADWOOD DICK and Billy Bucket had supper together, while waiting for the proper hour to search for Sawdust Sam. Billy had quietly questioned well-informed parties while in the pool-room, and was sure that he had the clew, at last.

"Course he may not be in," the youth remarked, "but I know his ways now."

"Where are we to look?" Dick inquired.

"Twenty-seventh street. You know 'bout what that region is, boss."

The detective knew very well, in a general way.

It was the general stamping-ground for the colored population, the same as Mott street was for the heathen Chinese. There, in numerous places, policy reigned supreme, while the red-and-black game also flourished. Confidence-men and horse-touts were common, and bunco-steers prospered.

But, above all, the negro held high carnival.

It was through the agency of one of the sable gentlemen that Billy Bucket hoped to gain entrance to a celebrated resort.

"Et is known as 'Maud,'" Billy explained.

"Ye see only a cigar-store, first sight, but back o' that is Maud's money-bank, as I may say. I'm told that Maud is, really, Sawdust Sam's wife, though he goes there same's a common acquaintance. Him an' she is both as bad as you kin find."

"And she keeps a policy-den?"

"She does. When you see the cigar store, an' the little, dark room back of it, 'twon't seem no great shakes; but there's a big room back of all, an' all sorts o' folks goes there."

"Is our guide a good man to have along?"

"He ought ter be, fur his name is Washington, with the prefix o' Abijah. Reckon he's all right."

Supper finished, Dick and Billy had cigars, and then, at the proper time, they went to meet their guide at a point previously settled by Bucket.

For the consideration of a dollar, Mr. Abijah Washington consented to show the detectives around.

Abijah was a well-posted young man. He knew all the "shady" places from the Battery to Harlem.

The trio at once went to "Maud's."

It appeared that Mr. Washington was well known there, for, at a certain signal, he was promptly admitted, accompanied by Dick and Billy.

Passing through the cigar store and then the dark room, they next entered a large room that looked out upon a rear court.

Here they found a motley assemblage.

There were at least twenty persons in the place, the majority of whom were colored.

In the center of the apartment was a long table, marked out for "red-and-black." This was surrounded by a group of the game's devotees.

At one side was a desk, where policy was dispensed.

Dick and Abijah looked on for a few minutes. Then the latter wistfully remarked:

"I'm dead bu'sted, boss, but Sam Slater hab put ten on de red, an' so hab 'Lige Wilson, an' dey am mos' all us shore to win. Gib me twenty, an' divide de profits. Shore to win, sah—sartin sure!"

"Where is Slater?"

"That feller wid de silk hat. He's allus lucky—he is!"

Dick scarcely heard the last words; he had eyes and thoughts for Sawdust Sam only. He saw a well-dressed, dashing, but rakish man of a little over thirty. This person, then, was his game—the man to be "shadowed." Slater was absorbed in the playing, so, as Abijah had put Dick onto the game, he concluded to try his luck.

He put twenty on the red, and won.

"There! I tol' you!" exclaimed the guide.

"I knew it would win. Try de black, next."

Dick did so, and it won him a nice pot.

The game was going along swimmingly, and, of course, as the house was getting a good percentage out of each pot, they were not inclined to kick very much at his luck.

Miss, or Mrs. Maud, who was dealing, was in high spirits.

While Dick was making money, she was doing the same, to her satisfaction.

"You are most fortunate, monsieur," she said, with a decided French accent. "Isn't he, Sam?" And she turned an appealing glance upon Slater.

"Marvelously so," Mr. Slater agreed, absently.

As he hardly looked at Dick, it was evident he had no suspicion of danger, near or remote.

"Pick a quarrel with him, boss," Billy softly suggested.

"Not by any means; that is just what I wish to avoid. I have no proof, at present, against Sam, and can only shadow him successfully by having him remain practically oblivious of me. Go light, boy, now."

"Jest as ye say, boss."

Dick did not see fit to further stake any great amount of money, but stepped back and watched the others. He was particularly watching Slater.

Ten minutes later he was surprised to see Mr. Peter Penn appear at Maud's elbow, escorted by a rakish-appearing stranger.

"Gimme a chance!" requested Penn, loudly.

"Pleased to accommodate yon," replied Maud, smiling.

"I need a few thousand dollars, an' here is where I'll git it!" asserted the granger.

He thrust his hand into his pocket, but Deadwood Dick quickly stepped forward.

"No, you won't, sir!" he declared. "I see you are again in the toils, but I'll save you, in spite of yourself."

"What's that?" shouted Sam, furiously.

"This ignorant old man can't play your game, Penn, unless you wish to lose your last dollar, go home!"

"This seemed to rile Mr. Slater."

"You miserable sneak!" he cried, "now you git! We've no use for you!"

"But I have use for you, unless you let this old man alone. I am taking care of him. Interfere at your peril!"

"See hyer!" cried Abijah Washington; "you know me, Slater, don't you?"

"Well, I don't know any good of you."

"Well, let me tell you one thing. You'd better keep on de right ob yer bizness, or you'll hab to move out ob dis yar neighborhood. Dis gentleman kin jes' scoop you in like a pig can git outside ob swill, so you best not git a swelled head."

"You black rascal!"

That was enough for Abijah. Chock-full of

wrath he "went for" Sawdust with clinched fists.

Sam's friends joined in, and so did Abijah's.

Nor did Deadwood Dick or Billy hesitate. They were in the midst of the affray in a minute. Peter Penn hardly realized it at the time, but was conscious afterward that he did his share.

And they soon won, for Sam Slater made his escape through a window into the rear court and vanished.

No attempt was made to follow him.

He knew so many coverts in the neighborhood it would have been next to impossible to have followed him, even had they so desired.

Maud, also, during the excitement, had taken a quiet skip, but where, no one seemed to know.

There was a sideboard in the room, stocked with liquors, and of these the patrons of the establishment proceeded to "take stock."

The affair figuratively paralyzed Mr. Penn.

"I've been nigh worked for a sucker," he groaned.

"But saved from being worked longer," responded Dick, "and, perhaps, you will be more ready now to take my advice."

"I reckon so. Ef I had taken your advice from the start, I'd be money in pocket now."

"Deed you would," added Abijah. "Dis isn't no place fo' a man who don't know the ropes, an' ef you'll take my advice, we will dust. Dem buck niggers am gittin' full, an' while I ain't no coward, I don't like dat razor act; an' you kin bet there'll be razors flyin' in de air here, d'reckly!"

It would not do to neglect the advice of one so well informed, and they quickly made their way to the street.

"Mighty lively place that!" affirmed Billy, with an air of relief.

"I didn't ketch on at first," sheepishly explained Penn.

"Your companion caught on," Dick returned, impatiently. "Who was he?"

"Don't know—met him over on Broadway."

"Mr. Penn, if you want a dollar of your money left, you will at once quit taking up with strangers."

"I'll do it!" the man from Kansas asserted. "Ef I don't, you may put me in a lunatic asylum, by gosh!"

CHAPTER X.

DICK TRIES HIS LUCK.

A COUPLE of days later Dick arrested three bunco men on Broadway, whom he had craftily shadowed, in the general pursuit of Sam Slater, and when he reported to Inspector Byrnes, he received high compliments for his work, for the chief was put in the best of humor by news of the important arrest.

"Bristol, you are doing good work!" the inspector declared. "Why, I have not a man on my force who can touch you. You never seem to sleep."

"Thank you for your compliment, Mr. Byrnes, but you have men on your force who far excel me in detective work."

"I don't know about that. We have some clever men—cleverest in any section of the country; but, if I do say so, you can lead them. You have hauled in a crowd that my own force have not been able to secure, or even to spot."

"I have yet to nab Sam Slater."

"Any news of him?"

"No. He is lying very low just at present."

"You will get him, and the evidence necessary to fix him, in due time. I feel sure of that."

"I am anxious to do so. Do you know of a man called Handsome Hal?"

"Yes. He is around with Sam at times, and can be set down as one of the gang."

"Do you know his real name?"

"Yes; it is Harry Doyle."

"Are you sure?"

"I don't think there is room to doubt, though it might not be easy to prove the fact."

"I am likely to have a rod for Hal's back, later."

Dick had not seen any of the Penns for three days. To avoid paying hotel prices the old farmer had secured cheaper quarters, but the alleged Jimmy had not visited the house at last accounts.

Plainly, Dick thought, he was afraid to meet the gaze of Mrs. Penn.

When the detective saw Peter last, there had been a hesitation in his references to his alleged son which spoke plainly. The young man's repeated excuses to avoid meeting Mrs. Penn, had begun to grow suspicious even to a credulous mind.

Dick left the inspector and went to his own quarters. He was fairly under way, at last, and had accommodations to his taste in every way.

He had opened a private office on Sixth avenue, and hung out this "shingle:"

"RICHARD M. BRISTOL,

All Kinds of Detective Work Promptly Attended To."

He had notified Mr. Penn of his new enterprise, and so to this private office the farmer chanced to come soon after Dick's return.

"Sit down, Mr. Penn; I will be with you in a few minutes. I've another case on hand, just now. How is Mrs. Penn?"

"Poorly. This 'ere delay is prostratin' her," Peter replied gravely.

Dick finished up his examination of the papers before him, and then turned to Penn again.

"Well, have you anything new to report, Mr. Penn?"

"No; I haven't! Have you?"

"I am sorry to say I have not, except that I have proved to my satisfaction that the man who claimed to be your son, is not such. He is a scoundrel, and a member of Sawdust Sam's gang."

"Are ye sure?" the farmer asked anxiously.

"Positive."

"Then, by gosh! the Gypsy was right!"

"What Gypsy?"

"Zara."

"Oh! the fortune-teller?"

"That's the one."

"So you have been there?"

"Yes!"

"Well, what did she have to tell you, Mr. Penn?"

"She said my son was at Sing Sing for forgery, and she was the only one that could get him free."

"I suppose she wanted a fee, to do this?"

"Yes—a hundred dollars!"

"And, I suppose also, that you gave it?"

"Well, I kicked; but I finally went back and gave it to her."

"I'll bet that's another hundred dollars gone to waste. If you throw away your money in that style, Mr. Penn, you and your wife will soon need public support. Fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, and the like, are all humbugs."

"Mebbe. But, how did she know so much about me? She knew my pedigree nigh about as well as I knew it myself. She at once called the man who had presented himself as my son, an impostor. She was sure my son was in prison. Now, how do ye figger that out?"

"I don't take any stock in this sort of business," Dick returned, "but I must confess that we ought to neglect no chance."

"What sticks me is, how the woman should know so much about me!"

"How came you to visit her?"

"Out o' curiosity. I once sold a cow for double price through advice of a fortune-teller."

"Well, I reckon you got sold worse than the cow did, this trip," Dick laughed. "However, I will see this Zara, myself."

"I wish ye would, Mr. Bristol."

"I'll attend to it at once; I have some curiosity to see the woman."

After Mr. Penn took his departure, Dick made preparations for his visit. He had read Zara's advertisement in the paper, and imagined he knew what she looked like—an old hag with a hooked nose, and generally uncanny appearance.

He was surprised, when he was ushered into Zara's parlor, to meet so comely a woman.

"Madam Zara, I believe?" Dick questioned politely.

"Yes, sir!"

"You claim to be a clairvoyant?"

"I am one. If you doubt my powers, I invite you to put them to the test. I am also a mind-reader, and know who you are, and what your object was, in coming here."

"Nonsense! What is my name? if you can tell."

"Richard Mayhew Bristol!"

The woman was beginning well. Either she had unusual powers, or she had seen him before.

"Why did I come here?"

"With an object. You are a detective, but have come like a private citizen in another's interest."

"In whose interest did I come?"

"That of Peter Penn, of Kansas. Mr. Penn is the victim of confidence-men and bunco-steerers. He came here to inquire concerning the whereabouts of his son—otherwise, to get clair-

voyant revelations. I did not have to go into a trance. I located his son in a minute."

"At Sing Sing?"

"Yes."

"I presume, since you are so clever, you can guess at the number of his cell?"

"Yes, I can."

"Then name it!"

"For my price, Mr. Bristol, I will."

"And what is your price?"

"Fifty dollars!"

"You will not get it from me! I'll not be worked for an innocent. If you choose to tell me, as you claim you can, I will give you ten dollars."

"Very well. The cell is Number Sixteen!"

"I will investigate the matter. Will you accompany me to the prison?"

"I haven't the time."

"Very well. If I find young Penn there, I will return and give you your money."

Mme. Zara laughed scornfully.

"I thought so!" she declared. "You were trying to gain information for nothing. But, sir, Zara was too smart for you. A Gypsy for shrewdness! When you advance the money I will take you into the presence of Mr. Penn junior, but not before. You have your choice—Jimmy Penn can be found at a cost of ten dollars. Do you want to pay that price for him?"

Dick deliberated a few minutes, during which Zara watched him like a hawk.

She knew he doubted her; she, by some manner of means, knew that he was a detective; and now, after all her coolness, she began to fear him as only such a woman can fear her superiors. But, with the cunning of her race, she still clung on with desperation.

If Deadwood Dick yielded, she would win; if not, she lost—mayhap more than the money.

"I've a proposition to make. If I pay you double the price you ask, will you go with me to the prison and point out Jimmy Penn?" was Dick's demand.

"No!"

"Why not?"

"I have good reasons."

"You dare not tell them!"

"Maybe not. At any rate, I do not propose to. You can, accordingly, do as you see fit."

"I shall see fit to act without you, madame!" was the detective's prompt rejoinder, and he at once took his leave.

CHAPTER XI.

AN OBSTINATE PENN IN SING SING.

ON his arrival at his office, the detective found Billy Bucket there, bright as a button.

"Well, Billy, how are you feeling?" Dick cheerfully asked.

"Like a lord! I've sold out my saloon, stick and chain, and am a different kid. That's good, ain't it?"

"Yes, first rate."

"Then, too, I've made a discovery," Billy added.

"Yes? Well, in what direction?"

"I reckon I know where old Penn's son is."

"Possible? Where?"

"Oh! I'll show ye, ef ye will come with me. Ef I ain't off my base, this chap aire the feller."

Here Billy produced an extract from a newspaper. It read as follows:

"The case of James Penn was to-day definitely settled, and he will sojourn at Sing Sing for two years and six months to come. That the sentence was so light was due to his recent employers' intercessions, and his previous good character while with them. He declined to tell anything of his early life, and seemed overwhelmed by the sentence."

"Where did you get this, Billy?" demanded Dick.

"Out of an old paper which I happened to pick up. D'ye think it is the same chap?"

"It looks that way. We will soon find out. Come! we will try Inspector Byrnes."

So to Police Headquarters they went.

Mr. Byrnes was in, urbane, ferret-eyed and genial as ever.

"Ah! Mr. Bristol, are you around again?" was his cheerful greeting.

"As you see, I'm in want of information, and I infer that you take pleasure in giving it to ambitious minds."

"By all means. Well, what is your mission?"

"I want to hear of a certain James Penn, who, it is claimed, has been sent to Sing Sing."

The inspector reflected a moment.

"Yes; he is there."

"For forgery?"

"That was what he was convicted of, I believe."

"I want a pass to see him. Can you arrange it?"

"I think so," the inspector replied.

He then referred to a book.

"That is correct. He was sent there, and is there at the present time."

"Do you know, sir, what his antecedents were?"

"No. He refused to give them when on trial, according to this record, and I have no other means of knowing."

"I would like to see and talk with him."

"You shall."

Turning to his desk, the chief wrote rapidly for a few moments, and then handed the paper to Dick.

"This pass will admit you," he remarked.

Deadwood Dick extended his thanks, and then left the place.

"Billy," the detective said, addressing his boy ally, "I am off for Sing Sing, to see this other Penn."

"May I go too?"

"If you wish."

So to Sing Sing they went. Once there Dick showed his pass to the keeper, who at once invited him in with marked courtesy.

"Let me see your badge, Mr. Bristol. If as represented, you are welcome."

Dick exposed his Government detective badge.

"Correct. You want to see young Penn?"

"If he is here."

"Oh! he's here fast enough!"

"How is he as a prisoner?"

"One of our best. He gives us no trouble whatever."

"I would like to see him."

So Dick was conducted to the young man's cell, and admitted.

The prisoner certainly did resemble the man who had presented himself as Penn, Junior, in New York; but whether he was of Peter's line was not yet settled. There was scarcely a noticeable difference, except the prison clothes, between the two Jimmys.

"This is the man?" the keeper said.

"Are you James Penn?" Dick asked.

"I am."

"Son of Peter Penn?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Would you like to see some of your family?"

"No, sir; not in this fix," was the quick reply.

"Jimmy Penn, are you guilty?"

The unfortunate young man shook his head.

"No; I am not! I had a good position, but my great greed for money got the better of my judgment, and I went to betting—on races, poker, faro—everything!"

"Not a wise thing to do."

"I invested in all the open-and-shut games in the city, and here you find me!"

"Who put you here, Mr. Penn?"

Young Penn was not at first inclined to say. His prison experience seemed to have sharpened his wits.

"Did you ever do a forgery?"

"Never, in my life."

"Did you ever commit crime of any kind?"

"Never! I defy you to prove that I am even a confederate of any crook in the country. True it is, I was convicted, but it was a false charge, and a most unjust conviction."

"Your time is short here."

The prisoner smiled bitterly.

"Plainly, you were never in such a fix."

"If you had friends, could not your innocence be established, even now?"

"No; the chain of evidence was too strong. It would have ruined any one. But I was innocent!"

"Well, I am sorry for you, and hope to help you. Keep up good spirits. Until I see your father, I can give you no better satisfaction."

Penn started abruptly.

"My father?" he exclaimed. "What do you mean? My father is dead!"

"You said you were the son of Peter Penn."

"I am."

"Did he live in Kansas?"

"No matter," and the prisoner looked at Deadwood Dick suspiciously.

"Young man, you can trust me freely. If you are the James Penn I want to find, prove the fact."

"I know your game!" cried the prisoner, to Dick. "You want to trap me, but not a word will I say."

"Very well, Mr. Penn. While I might be able to help you out, you don't seem inclined to be helped."

"No; I do not. I was convicted on a false

charge, and I am not the man to be used now. I'll die first."

"There is no further use of talking with you, then?"

"None!"

"You don't want to see your father?"

"No!"

"Nor your mother?"

"No!"

"Do you have any friends whom I can see?"

"No!"

There was a dogged, sullen manner about the prisoner which showed him very set in his way. Thoroughly disgusted, Dick turned and left the cell.

"Well, what d'ye make of him?" asked the keeper.

"Give it up."

"Penn, or not?"

"Penn, yes; but an obstinate one. Whether he is the particular Penn whom I want, I can't say."

"Think he is guilty?"

"I do not, on the whole."

"Are you his friend?"

"No more than yours; I never saw him before."

Then the detective and pard took the opportunity to discuss the situation.

"Ye won't git nothin' out o' that feller!" Billy declared.

"Looks so, sure."

"He's stubborn as a mule."

"Do you see any likeness to Peter Penn?"

"No. Don't b'lieve his dad, Peter, is the Peter we know. The feller seems savage as a meat-ax, too."

"Prison life has done it—with a touch of injustice linked in, perhaps. I believe he is innocent. Old Penn must see him."

So back to New York they went, only to have an encounter in the depot. Billy suddenly caught Dick's arm.

"Sawdust Sam!" he exclaimed.

The detective looked and beheld the man; but Mr. Slater got in motion immediately, and made for the street.

"After him!" cried Dick to Billy.

But nimble as was the gamin, the crook got away among the crowd and out of the depot.

After all, there was no great loss, and they let him go.

They could have done no more than trace him to his den.

Dick went home and went to bed, and made out a good night's sleep. He expected Peter Penn at his office, the following day, and he was not disappointed. Peter appeared, but did not look very frankly in Dick's face.

"Mr. Penn," the detective announced, "I've been to Sing Sing on business concerning the James Penn there."

Peter moved uneasily.

"Hope ye had good luck?"

"He is rather a puzzler."

"You have seen him then?"

"Yes, but he was as contrary as a hog on ice."

"Did he claim to be my son?"

"Yes, but he didn't want to see you, he said. I guess he feels sore about something relating to the past."

"I don't believe he is my son. I allow that the other feller is," and Penn looked somewhat embarrassed.

"Have you seen him lately?" Dick coolly asked.

"Yes, this morning. We met at the Hoffman House, and I gave him some money to invest for me on the races at Clifton. He won for me yesterday."

Deadwood Dick heard this without surprise, for the old man's downcast look had previously told a good deal. He quietly replied:

"Let's see the color of the money. I'll bet it's the bogus stuff again!"

"Not much, et ain't. I've passed several of the bills already, and no one kicks about 'em. Even of the money ain't square, et passes fer the genuine. Here's one o' the bills. Look at et ef ye like. You'll find et A1."

Dick took the note, and examined it minutely.

He was something of an expert in the line of detecting bogus money, and concluded that this particular bill was good.

"Well, what's yer judgment?" Mr. Penn inquired in triumph. "Ain't et all right?"

"It appears so. How much money did you give this chap to invest for you on the races?"

"Two hundred dollars. He said he had a 'cinch,' and I might just as well make two thousand as not."

"Yes, I suppose so. Well, I hope you will

wit, but I have my doubts about it! If Mr. Alleged Penn wins, he will most likely pay you off in the crooked stuff like Reed gave you once before. They are pals."

"I don't think he will. Reed must have made a mistake anyhow."

"Well, look out for yourself; I wouldn't like to take your chances. However, you are your own boss. If you will gamble, you mustn't kick if you get skinned. Those fellows are a lot of sharpers. Of that I have abundant proof."

Thus the interview terminated.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DETECTIVE HAS AN OFFER.

THE history of the following week may be given in few words. Deadwood Dick, Jr., confined his efforts exclusively to the case with which the inspector had made him acquainted after his arrival in New York, and the result was satisfactory.

There was actually a surfeit of swindlers—"sawdust" men, bunco-steerers and the like—on the police list of prisoners, and all had been put there by the Western detective prince.

His success was phenomenal, for his captures included many of the best-known and most dangerous "crooks" in the metropolis.

The regular detectives viewed him with mixed envy and admiration, which was not without a measure of awe.

During all this time Bristol did not see Peter Penn. He had labored with the old man, and bestowed warnings and good advice upon him, but all to no purpose. Seeing that he was deaf to reason, Dick simply stepped back and let the misguided old granger travel along his crooked way.

Dick, however, expected to see him again when he was well plucked.

Once, during the week, Billy Bucket chanced upon the old man from Kansas. Penn had spoken with considerable caution, or had tried to, but the pertinacious boy had learned all he wished.

The last sum of money invested on the races by Peter had been a dead loss. His alleged son—according to the latter's statement—had put it on the wrong horse, and it had gone to join the senior Penn's other vanished dollars.

Despite this, the Kansan had not been wholly cleaned out. He had some reason left, and, on the whole, had not done badly for one laboring under such a delusion.

As for "Jimmy," he still avoided meeting Mrs. Penn, and was supposed to be out of town a good deal. He saw Peter only by happening upon the latter about town, and, at each meeting, he bled the farmer for a few additional dollars.

Penn's credulity was surprising.

On the seventh day after his last call at Deadwood Dick's office the latter arrested a celebrated "sawdust" operator and landed him at Police Headquarters. He was also able to assure the inspector that, in a short time, he expected to have Sam Slater in the toils.

The latter was working a game, and Dick only awaited its consummation to secure positive proof and arrest the shrewdest of all the crooks.

Leaving Headquarters, Bristol started uptown. He had nearly reached Washington Square when he heard a racket on a street running at right angles with that he was traveling. Then around the corner came a maddened horse with a cab attached, but with no driver on the box.

A woman's cry sounded from the vehicle.

Dick thought quickly, and acted in the same way.

As the horse turned the corner the detective seized the rein and threw all his strength into the effort to check the frightened animal. The struggle was sharp, but brief; the horse received emphatic evidence that he was in the hands of a master, and was brought to a standstill.

A patrolman hurried up and took him in charge, while Dick opened the cab door. The vehicle had one occupant only, but that one was no stranger to the rescuer.

"Zara!" he exclaimed.

It was, indeed, the Gypsy fortune-teller!

She was agitated, but a brief effort enabled her to recover self-possession.

"So I owe my life to you, Mr. Bristol?" she returned, with a charming smile.

"I interfered with your journey," Dick admitted, quietly.

"You put it mildly, but all brave men are modest. Oh! how my heart does throb!"

She pressed her hand to her bosom, but her appearance did not indicate any great disturbance there.

"You will be well in a short time," he replied.

"I am afraid to continue my journey alone, for I am subject to heart trouble. May I—dare I ask you to sacrifice your interests, and see me safely home?"

Dick was not deceived in the least, but it occurred to him that he could do worse than to go with her. On a former occasion she had shown remarkable knowledge of him. As he was not a believer in any kind of humbug, it followed that she had some previous knowledge of him.

Here was a possible chance to learn something of value, hence he at once decided to go along.

At this juncture the driver, who had been thrown from the box, came up, and he again took charge. Dick entered the cab, and the journey was resumed. Conversation was in a commonplace vein until the Gypsy's apartment was reached.

Zara then smiled entrancingly upon her escort.

"I consider you the savior of my life, Mr. Bristol!" she declared.

"I never did a better piece of work," responded the detective, with due gravity. "A most fascinating lady remains to charm the world."

She gave him a tender glance.

"If I only knew you were sincere!" she sighed.

"Ask any of your friends!"

"My friends! I am almost without friends, some having proved false, and others being under a cloud."

She hesitated, and then suddenly asked:

"Mr. Bristol, I am tempted to confide in you!"

"I shall feel honored if you do."

"Do you wonder how I happened to know so much about you when you called upon me at my office?"

"You were well informed," Dick acknowledged.

"How is Peter Penn getting on?"

"I have not seen him lately."

"What about his son?"

"Perhaps you can tell—I can't."

"I told old Penn that the claimant was no kin of his, and, if he had believed me, he would have been money in pocket. Yet, I was sorry for what I said in less than a day after I gave the facts away. The alleged Jimmy Penn is, really, a gentleman known as Handsome Hal, and a friend of mine. When old Penn was with me we were interrupted by a ring of the bell. I had another caller, and that caller was Hal."

"Indeed!"

"I should not have given Hal away had I not been piqued just then, and when we made up I was sorry for what I had said. All the same, Hal is no son of old Peter's, nor is the man in Sing Sing, either."

"Strikes me you are still on the give-away."

"Hal has thrown up the sponge."

"After getting all of Penn's money?"

"No; Sawdust Sam has played him false!" and Zara's eyes flashed.

"Is he willing to tell all he knows?"

"He has left New York. He has been in with Slater, Reed and the rest, though not half so bad; but Slater has grown ugly, and it was to avoid trouble that Hal took a quiet skip. I am thinking of going to join him, but before I go, I have a debt to pay. Slater made New York too hot for Hal; I will now put Slater on the coals!"

Zara's eyes flashed vindictively, and Deadwood Dick realized that he was on the road to discoveries.

"I shall be pleased to hear what you can tell," he returned.

"You shall hear all. The real Jimmy Penn is in Slater's hands!"

"Sure?"

"Dead sure! Slater has worked the whole plot, and all the trouble is owing to him. Before Peter was lured East, his son was captured and imprisoned by Slater."

"Imprisoned where?"

"I am not sure where he is now, but I know where he was."

"Where was that?"

"In a den on Wooster street, known as 'Tipton's.' I was never there, and know no more about it; but I think young Penn is still there. Now, I have told all I am aware of, and it depends on you to do the rest. As a detective, you will know how."

Dick had watched Zara closely while she spoke, and was convinced that she told the truth. Her manner was frank and honest. He thanked her cordially, and prepared to go.

"Shall I see you again?"

As the Gypsy asked this question, her gaze rested upon Bristol tenderly. He could not fail to read it.

"I'll call around and report the result," he promised.

"Ah! but I am thinking of leaving New York."

"To join Handsome Hal?"

"He has invited me, but I am tired of being an ally of crooks. If an honest man should show a preference for me, I would remain here. I realize that the wife of such a man must be happier than a mere fortune-teller. To the kind of a man I have mentioned I would be faithful to the end!"

The whole battery of her eyes was turned upon him, but Dick was not influenced. Handsome and brilliant as she was, he knew that she had been the associate of criminals. The less he had to do with her, the better.

Assuming a light air, he made answer:

"Why not reform Hal? There is some decent material in him; just reform the man, and you will get along swimmingly."

Zara's face clouded. She had a passing fancy for Dick, and was disappointed; but she was a woman whose heart was not of the kind to break.

The detective bade her good-by in a way with which she could find no fault, and then took his departure.

Returning to his office he found a note from an old acquaintance, which read as follows:

"MR. BRISTOL:—I have changed my mind again. My son ain't been seen in some days, and, as he wouldn't never come nigh my wife, she says he ain't our son. I reckon she is right, and that I'm a fool. Can I engage you to take charge of the whole business?"

PETER PENN.

Dick smiled sarcastically.

"After seeing Billy Bucket, I may call on Penn," he observed.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUNNING THEM DOWN.

DEADWOOD DICK did not lose any time in looking up his boy detective.

"Billy, you know the ropes in Wooster street, I take it."

"I ought ter, boss."

"Know a place called 'Tipton's?'"

"You bet!"

"What is it?—a saloon?"

"No; sort of a tenement-house, but wid some rooms to let. Reg'lar dive, though."

"Guide me there!"

"D'ye mean it, boss?"

"Sure!"

"What's up?"

The detective prince then gave an account of his visit to Zara, and the result thereof. The story put Mr. Bucket in great good humor.

"Whoop!" he cried; "the kinks are crawling out. Jest you foller my lead, an' we'll scoop de whole gang. We kin first summon an officer ter help us, an' then, while he's on de way, we will raid Tip's. Come on!"

This programme was carried out. A messenger was sent to request police aid; then Dick and Billy set out for their destination.

"We are goin' ter nab de whole lot, sure!" declared the boy.

So to Wooster street they went. This was not the most savory neighborhood in New York.

It was a region to be avoided, especially by people who did not "know the ropes."

The place to which Billy piloted Dick was in the worst part of the whole street. The neighborhood was filthy, and the denizens were of the lowest character, comprising the elements which flock together in bad neighborhoods in large cities.

It was a battered "shebang," years old in age, but formerly the residence of one of the first families of Gotham.

The first floor was now occupied by a business concern. The second was where Billy conducted Dick. A rap at a door brought no answer, but three successive raps did, for a grim-faced old woman appeared.

She seemed to recognize Billy.

"Why, Billy Bucket!" was her greeting.

"It's me, mom. Got any rooms to rent?"

"To be sure. Does the gentleman want one?"

"He do."

"Then, come right in."

So they entered.

Up the long flight of stairs they went, until they reached the third floor, when they entered a small, ill-smelling kitchen.

"Take a seat," directed the old janitress.

"What kind of a room do you want, Billy?"

"It isn't for me; my friend is the chap, I told ye."

"Oh! yes. I see he is a gentleman! He wants—"

"The best the house affords."

"That ain't very much, sir. We keep a cheap place, and we expects folks ter put up with what va hev."

"Well," replied Dick, "I guess I can get along here; I simply want a decent room."

"An' he is good pay," added Billy.

"By the way, mom, I know one o' yer reg'lar customers. Is Mr. Sam'l Slater nigh, jest now?"

"No," she made answer, he is not here. What do you want?"

"Oh! nothin', only a friend wants to see him! Do you know where he kin be found?"

"He will be here to-night."

"At what time?"

"About midnight," she responded, after some hesitation.

"Can't we see him before that?"

"He may drop in."

The woman eyed them in a critical way, and it was plain that she had some doubts. She had known Billy as a saloon-keeper, but the distrustful Bristol, as she did all such keen, wide-awake men. They were liable to be detectives.

Young Bucket set out to allay her doubts, and his glib tongue was not used in vain; she began to feel decidedly more at ease.

Deadwood Dick did not think that their chances of seeing Sawdust Sam were of the best, but, they were nearer to the game than they suspected.

The door suddenly opened, and in walked Slater, with Joe Reed close behind him.

It was a surprise all around, but Sam had the worst of it. He had not suspected danger, and, when he saw Dick, he stopped in dismay.

"You here!" he ejaculated.

The detective quietly arose.

"Yes, I am here, and come to see you!"

Sawdust Sam changed color. Was his presentiment of trouble about to be fulfilled?

"What can I do for you?" he asked, trying to appear at ease.

"You can produce young James Penn."

"I do not know of any such person."

"That will do, Mr. Slater; you can't run in any such stale device as that. I know you and your ways. You are Sawdust Sam, the handler of counterfeit money, and your phiz ornaments the Rogues' Gallery. As for your plot against the Penns, some of your gang have squealed. Handsome Hal has found that New York climate is bad for his blood, and has taken a quiet skip. Before he went he opened his mouth, and I happen to know that Jimmy Penn—the genuine Jim—is held prisoner in this house!"

"It's false!" cried the old woman.

"False as perdition!" added Slater, savagely.

"True as yer lie is false," amended Billy.

"No use to kick, Slater," Bristol pursued. "You may as well take your medicine, and thank your stars it's no worse."

"I never heard the name of Penn before."

"Come off!"

"Do you think you can bully me?"

"We think we can get Jimmy Penn, and we propose to do it!"

"Do you know whose house you are in?"

"I know I am in a thieves' den; and I am going to pull you right in, unless you do the right thing. Your reputation would hang a saint, Sam, and it will land you in Sing Sing, yet. The question is, shall we drop all mention of green goods, for this time, and confine our talk to Penn? It all depends on you."

"Well, I am going to kick you out!" exclaimed Sam, plucking up all the courage he could muster.

"Try it, most amiable crook, and the kick will give you prison walls to look at for a good long period to come!" the detective retorted.

The door again opened, and another man entered. One look was enough to show that he was not a member of the gang. He had an honest, but very alert manner, and his face was familiar in a vague way to Dick.

"Our backer, by gosh!" cried Billy Bucket.

Sure enough, it was the required officer.

He was a sergeant attached to Captain McCullough's precinct; was one of Mr. Byrnes's favorite officers, and stood high among the police workers of New York.

In fact, he was counted as among the very best.

He recognized Dick at a glance.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded, promptly.

"Oh! I'm trying to impress it on the mind of Mr. Slater that, if he doesn't produce a certain man, I shall have to take him in. That's all!"

"Does Mr. Slater object?"

"Decidedly."

"How is this?" the sergeant asked, turning to the crook, angrily.

"It meant that this fellow can't bulldoze for a cent. He comes here asking me about something I know nothing about!"

"What did you ask him, Bristol?"

"For James Penn, who is a prisoner in his power."

"He's not!" asserted Slater.

"I'll swear to it," declared Reed.

"Your oath is of no use," retorted the sergeant.

"Well, what do you want here, anyhow?" demanded Slater. "We don't want you! We've done nothing."

"I am not so sure of that. You're at your old game again, I understand."

"What old game, pray? You talk in riddles."

"The green-goods biz."

"That is false! I have reformed, and joined the church. So has Joe. I'm doing more to convert crooks than any other man in New York, and you can bet on it!"

"Convert them ter villainy, I reckon," put in Billy.

"No; to honest ways."

"That won't work," interrupted the officer.

"When you turn to be a convert, Slater, or Reed does, the heavens will surely fall. You're two of the rankest crooks in the country—all-around villains; and, as soon as I get onto any positive evidence against you, in you go, on a run. You've had one trip up the river, already. Maybe another would do you good! Don't you think so, Bristol?"

"I'm sure of it, sergeant. I am likewise sure that these two crooks, Slater and Reed, are concerned in a deliberate scheme to rob Mr. Peter Penn, of Kansas, out of about five thousand dollars. They have already got much of it. Now, we are positive that Jim Penn, junior, is in this house. If he is, why, I want to find him. Under your command, a search can be made!"

"I don't know. This is not my precinct."

"No. But you have the power to make a search!"

"Not much!" cried Slater. "This is not my house, but I am boss here; and the first man, or the second, who attempts to explore these quarters, drops in his tracks!"

With this remark Mr. Sawdust Sam drew a revolver and stood on the defensive.

He evidently did not intend to sell out without a struggle. And it looked as if a big row would be the result. But, luckily, it was averted.

Mr. Billy Bucket caused the diversion.

CHAPTER XIV.

A CLEAN "KNOCK-OUT."

WITH the agility of a panther Dick's young partner sprang forward, and, before any one fully realized his intention, he had knocked the revolver out of Slater's hand.

It was done so quickly that it took both crooks entirely by surprise.

"Now's yer time!" cried Billy. "Go fer 'em bald-headed!"

"We will that, my lad! Will you surrender now, Slater?" the sergeant demanded.

"Never!"

The officers sprang forward and made the attack.

It was a severe tussle, for the two desperate crooks fought like demons, but again came the timely intervention of Billy Bucket.

Grasping a club, which stood near by, he gave Slater a blow over the head which dropped him. Then he went for the second crook, and polished him off in a very handsome manner, and this settled the affray.

The crooks lay senseless on the floor, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, they were handcuffed.

"Now, we will search the house!" declared the sergeant. "You bet we'll find all there is here, too! I want to vent my wrath on the thugs who are preying on this community, and they will find that I am able to do it."

So, the old woman having taken her departure to some other portion of the house, the search began.

The floor comprised five rooms—dirty, smoky and illy furnished.

The raid, however, turned out to be fruitless in one respect.

Mr. James Penn was not there. In the search, however, a large collection of packages was discovered in the corner of a room.

Each was neatly wrapped, and of a size that at once gave the experienced sergeant an idea.

"Green-goods!" he exclaimed.

And so it proved—"sawdust," neatly packaged.

"This is evidence enough," the officer added. "Now, we will take 'em in!"

But, he made an error; he did not "take 'em in."

Billy Bucket had been given charge of the prisoners. When Dick and the sergeant returned to the room where they had been left, the prisoners were gone!

On the floor in a pool of blood, lay poor Billy Bucket in an unconscious condition.

A gash over his left eye told the story. He had been "knifed," most likely by the old woman.

Tenderly, Dick and the captain raised him and laid him on the lounge.

"Is he dead?" Dick anxiously asked.

"I guess not. But he's marked for life; no mistake about that. I think the most sensible thing we can do is to ring for an ambulance, and have him sent up to the hospital!"

"Not much ye don't, boss! I've been there, once, an' once is enuff. I'm all right, ef you'll only bind me head up. Did them crooks git away?"

It was the voice of Billy Bucket, but his utterance was unusually weak.

He had lost a considerable amount of blood, and it told on his strength, though his pluck was not impaired.

"Well, who hit you, Billy?" asked Dick.

"That darned old woman!" was the reply.

"D'ye know what happened afterward?"

"Yes. They clubbed me over the head till I went to sleep!"

"Who did it? Now be sure!"

"Gol-darn it, has a feller got to tell ye two times? The old woman carved me, and then she took off the men's handcuffs—I dunno how—and they slugged me. Oh! Jiminy! Didn't they soak it to me, though! They got in their work, now, in great shape!"

"Billy, you had better go the hospital. Don't be foolish!"

"Nary hospital, Dick! I was there once, and when I git mutilated ag'in, I'll try the Elevated Road. But, wait; I'll help you out, an' no one else kin. I know where them fellers are aimin' for, and don't you forget it!"

Dick glanced at the sergeant inquiringly.

The sergeant nodded.

"The boy is well posted!" he admitted; "better than half the men on my force. These street-boys are wonders."

He turned to Billy Bucket and added:

"You're not strong enough, Billy. Better tell us, hadn't you, and let us go?"

"But you can't find 'em, and I can jest wait a few minutes, till I git my head about me; an' then I'll show ye."

He began to rub his forehead, and act in such a peculiar way, in general, that the sergeant shook his own head gravely.

"We must disregard his wishes, and pack him off to a hospital. He is delirious, already."

"I don't think so."

"No?"

"There isn't a more level-headed lad in the country than this same Billy Bucket!"

The object of this strong praise suddenly leaped to his feet.

"Much obliged fer yer compliment, boss!" he exclaimed, with a grin. "Billy Bucket ain't gone up the spout yet—he's been thinkin'. Say, while I laid here, an' they thought I se dead, I heard them crooks talk. Boss, git old Peter Penn, an' I'll lead ye to the genuine Jimmy!"

"Where is he?"

"I'll tell when we git Peter in tow. Don't ask me afore that."

Billy stuck grimly to his point, so they went out and separated from the sergeant. Next, they went to enlist the Kansas farmer. Billy could hardly spare time to have his wound dressed, and showed no weakness.

Peter Penn was soon added to their party.

"Where do you propose to take us?" inquired Dick.

"Over to Hoboken," replied Billy. "Slater has a sister there, an' the chances are that you will find not only him there, but Reed, too."

So to Hoboken they went, and, taking a Market street car, they rode to the end of the line. Near there was a tumble-down shanty which must have been built when Hoboken was first started, to all appearances.

Bidding Dick and Peter Penn remain behind, and out of sight as much as possible, Billy advanced and pounded briskly on the door.

The summons was answered by an elderly woman.

"Good-morning!" saluted Billy. "Is Mr. Slater in?"

"What do you want of Mr. Slater?" inquired the woman, suspiciously.

"I was sent for him," replied Billy. "Maud wants to see him."

"What does she want of him?"

"Give it up," replied Billy. "All she told me was that she had a customer for some goods."

"What kind of goods?"

"Don't know—she didn't say. She gave me this address, and half a dollar to come over here. She said it was important, and she must see Mr. Slater at once."

"Well," said the woman, suspiciously, "Sam isn't here at present. Come around in about an hour, and he will see you himself; I don't know anything about his business affairs."

"All right," responded Billy; "I'll be back in an hour."

Then he went back and rejoined Dick and Mr. Penn.

"I am ter go round in an hour," explained Billy, "when I shall have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Slater. Sammy ain't at home now, his sister says."

"I don't cotton to that," Dick exclaimed.

"Nor I," added Mr. Penn. "It is merely a job to give him time to escape. Thunderation! let's go an' pull down the darned old shebang!"

"That won't work," demurred Dick. "Remember, Mr. Penn, you are not in Kansas now."

"Oh, but I wish I was, you bet! If I was back on that old farm o' mine, I would give ten years of my life; an' I ain't got long to live, either. What a gol-darned big idiot I was ter ever sell it out! Old Hulks got it dirt cheap, and here I be in New York, minus about two thousand dollars, and haven't found my son yet, blast my picture!"

"Well, take courage. The chances are that this lay-out will prove better than the others."

"I will bet big on it!" asserted Billy. "I will bet a gold dollar to a goose-egg that Slater is in that house now!"

"Well, Billy," admitted Dick, "your prophecies are sometimes correct. I have got an idea the same way, so we will hang around the neighborhood, and see that nobody escapes our observation."

"That's the ideal!" added Penn. "We'll soon have 'em in our grip, I hope."

"Unless they give us the slip," Dick amended.

The old farmer emitted an angry growl.

"If anybody gets away from that aire house while old Daddy Penn is around, he'll have to be mighty smart! I didn't come all the way here from Kansas, ter let New York crooks get the best o' me; nor, I'll be gol-darned, if I intend to! Out at Leavenworth, where I lived, I was conceited to know about as much as the best of 'em. Now, b'gosh, I don't propose to let any New Yorkers work me any longer. I will either find my son or raise thunder!"

Mr. Penn was waxing wroth.

"Bully for you!" laughed Billy. "Stick to yer text, old gentleman!"

"I am afraid we shall have a long time sticking to it," remarked Dick, "for, if Slater and Reed are in that house, the chances are that they may know of our presence in the neighborhood. Now, Mr. Penn, you go to the next corner; I will remain here, and Billy can make observations from the back street. In this way we shall stand a better show of catching them."

So they separated, and each took his post.

A couple of hours passed.

Then Dick saw Reed sneak from the house, and make a bee-line in the direction of the ferry.

"Now I'll have him!" he muttered to himself.

With that he set out in hot pursuit.

But Mr. Reed was pretty fly.

He led the detective a long chase before he was overhauled.

CHAPTER XV.

DICK "SPOTS" ONE OF THEM.

THAT Reed knew he was pursued was evident, for he dodged in and out of different streets until he arrived near the ferry.

Here Dick closed up, and clapped his hand upon Reed's shoulder.

"Reed, I want you!" he exclaimed.

Now Reed was a big man, and physically the superior of Dick, but he was an arrant coward as well as a knave.

"You want me?" he exclaimed. "Well, what do you want?"

"I want to take you over to Inspector Byrnes."

"It can't be done," was the reply. "I am

in Jersey now, and Byrnes has no jurisdiction here."

"But," said Dick, "I can have you locked up here, until you can be duly taken over."

This made Reed look glum.

"You are mighty hard on a fellow!" said he. "What do you want of me?"

"I want you for swindling—for enticing Mr. Penn here for the purpose of swindling him out of his money. You have tried the sawdust swindle on him, but, luckily for Mr. Penn, you have not been very successful. Now, I have collected evidence enough against you to send you to State's Prison. Unless you turn evidence against your partner you will have to go. These are plain facts."

"Whom do you mean by my partner?" asked Reed.

"Sam Slater," responded Dick.

"He's not my partner."

"It is folly to deny it," Bristol sternly responded. "I have evidence not to be doubted."

Reed hesitated, in doubt as to what he should do.

Prison had its certain terrors for him. He had already served one term, and a fair prospect of another term was anything but appetizing to him.

"Well," he admitted, "Slater is back at the house where you chased me from, or was there when I left; but, as for Jimmy Penn, I don't know where he is. Slater can tell you that better himself. I'll give you my word of honor that I do not know anything about him. I was simply made a tool of in this matter by Slater, and I regret I ever entered into it."

"The whole scheme originated with Slater, and he roped me into it. The plot was to kidnap young Penn, and then entice his old man and old woman to New York to see their son, under the pretext that he was rich."

"Then the gang could bleed him, at leisure."

"Slater is an all-round crook and confidence-man. He has traveled all over the United States and Canada, and in some way he picked up the address of Peter Penn, or else met him. By some previous circumstance he had acquired the acquaintance of Penn, junior."

"Penn, junior, as I understand it, had been living rather a fast life and, in one of his maudlin spells, had bragged of his father's wealth. It is most likely that, in this way, Slater got his pointers."

"Through a misdemeanor I came into Slater's power; then he took advantage of me, threatening to put me in prison, and I became his tool. He had money; I had none, and, having just finished a term in Sing Sing, I did not care to try another. Slater knew this. I need not mention the offense which I had committed but Slater knew of it, and knew that his influence could send me back to Sing Sing. So he tackled me, and threatened that if I did not go to work for him in the sawdust game, he would have me sent up again."

"I knew he was a power among the crooks of this great city, and that, if I refused him, he could produce evidence enough to carry out his threat. On the other hand, he knew that I was a clever man, and so, when I yielded to his threats rather than go to jail, he proposed this Penn swindle. First, I was to write a letter to Penn's father, near Leavenworth, under the name of Jimmy Penn, which I did."

"Immediately after I had concluded this I was directed to write another letter to Peter Penn, under my own signature, suggesting to Mr. Penn that I had some green-goods to sell. In the first letter, I informed Mr. Penn, as his son, that I was very wealthy, and that, if he would come to New York, I would help him to a considerable sum of money."

"Slater seemed to know that Mr. Penn, of Kansas, was a very gullible sort of a man, and that it would be an easy matter to lure him here by means of such a proposition. Immediately after I sent the offer of green-goods and inclosed a genuine note, as a sample, requesting him to pass it, to satisfy himself that it could not be detected from the genuine. Mr. Penn bit at the bait with avidity, and that is what brought him to New York."

Here Reed paused a moment, evidently to collect his thoughts.

"That is all," he resumed, directly, "that I know about the matter. But, when Penn reached New York, I was instructed to be very careful, and, for that reason, Mr. Penn has escaped remarkably cheap. Byrnes and his men had somehow got on to our business; we were constantly under their surveillance. Therefore, it behoved us to lay low until we could catch Mr. Penn out in just the way that suited us."

Deadwood Dick had listened attentively to this explanation, without any attempt at interruption. He now spoke quietly:

"There is a man in Sing Sing who claims to be Jimmy Penn, but, otherwise, will not give any account of himself. Do you know anything concerning him?"

Reed smiled.

"Yes, I do," he acknowledged.

"Well, let us hear about it."

"His name is Jim Penlynn. He was formerly an associate of Slater's, but he and Slater got in a row over cards; and, through Slater's influence, Penlynn was arrested, convicted and sent up. Slater really has a political pull in the Fourth Ward, and consequently, great influence; and it was through this, that he had Penlynn arrested. With heelers and cojpers at his back, Slater had no difficulty in securing a conviction on a false charge."

"That the charge was false, I am positive. Slater was afraid of Penlynn, who has rather a nasty disposition, and, after the row, Penlynn and Slater, being enemies, Slater knew there was a large possibility of Penlynn's betraying him. So he thought it advisable to get him out of the way. I saw Penlynn the morning before he was sent up, and he said to me:

"This charge against me is infamous, and, as I am connected with a good family, I don't want my name to get in the newspapers. So at the trial, I gave my name as Penn, instead of Penlynn. Now," said he, to me, "don't let the old folks know it!"

The man in Sing Sing became less an object of wonder and perplexity.

"That is all," continued Reed, "that I know about the Jimmy Penn up the river, but I can assure you of one thing—he is not old man Penn's son!"

Dick reflected a moment.

"Now, look here, Reed," said he, "how are you off for funds?"

"Dead broke!" replied Reed, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Then," continued Dick, "if you are willing to help me in this matter, and you think that by our united efforts we can find young Penn, I can put a snug little sum of money in your pocket!"

"I don't know; I would hardly know where to look first. Do you propose to arrest Slater now?"

"Well, that depends," replied Dick. "If there is anything to be gained by a stay of proceedings, perhaps not."

"Well, you have been mighty lenient with me, considering the circumstances, and if I can help you, I will. There's but one place I can think of, which Slater frequents, where we are likely to gain any information."

"Where is that?" Dick asked.

"Union Hill."

Just then old man Penn and Billy Bucket came running up.

The old man was in a panic!

And so was Billy!

CHAPTER XVI.

CAUGHT IN A CORNER.

"WELL, Mr. Penn," exclaimed Dick, "you seem considerably stirred up and excited."

"Excited! By thunderation!" exclaimed the old man, "that air critter, Slater, has escaped!"

"Escaped?" ejaculated Dick. "Where from? The house?"

"Yes, he did," hurriedly added Billy. "A hack come fer him, and afore we could stop the darned thing, Slater was off."

Dick then turned to Reed.

"Does Slater generally travel by hack?" he asked.

"Well, no; not often. When he goes to Union Hill he generally hires one, but, otherwise, not."

"Then, judging by appearances, he has gone to Union Hill?"

"If I were to express my opinion, I should say he had."

"Well, what is your opinion worth?" demanded old Penn. "Gol-darn your blasted picture! you are as bad as Slater is!"

"That will do, Mr. Penn," interposed Bristol.

"If you expect to find your son, you must treat Reed a little more politely. Reed proposed to turn evidence against Slater, on consideration that I don't pull him in. He thinks he knows where there is a chance of finding your son."

This immediately put Mr. Penn in good humor.

"By gosh! Reed," said he, putting forth his hand, "if you find that air boy of mine, I will make it worth your while. Darn my picture! if I won't give you fifty dollars!"

"Yes; and I will put ten to it," added Dick.

Reed was evidently in want of money. He jumped at the opportunity.

"It's a bargain," he replied. "I will do my best to find him. Now, gentlemen, I haven't much money, so, if you will invite me to take a drink, and then order a hack, we will set sail for Union Hill. I am pretty sure that is where Slater has gone, and, if such is the case, the chances are there is where we shall find Mr. Penn's son."

"Drinks!" echoed Mr. Penn, promptly; "why, darn me! you shall have a bar!"

So they adjourned to the nearest saloon, and there Mr. Reed had a couple of cocktails.

Then a hack was called.

The party bundled in and started for Union Hill.

Old Penn was in exuberant spirits.

"Just wait," he said, "till I get my hands on that air Slater! If I don't make him dance Juba, put me aboard a cattle car an' send me back ter Kansas; an' put a label on the car for, marked 'No Good!' By the time I get to Kansas, I reckon they'll acknowledge that I am an old muttonhead, and that old Penn's visit ter New York was prolific of learnin' him a lesson that he will never forget!"

The hack rumbled along and, in due time, reached the vicinity of Union Hill.

"Better let me get out now, and go ahead," Reed suggested.

"What do you propose to do?" asked Dick.

"Well," responded Reed, "I had better go on to the house, and Slater, not knowing that I am in your confidence, will admit me. You go around the house into the next street and wait here. I will go on and have a chin with Slater, and draw out from him all that is possible. If I find any indication that young Penn is there, I will, after excusing myself, withdraw and return here. Then we can invoke the aid of the police, secure a warrant and pull the house. Something seems to tell me that we shall find Mr. Penn a prisoner here, even though we do not find Slater. I know the old man that runs the place, and he knows me. If he has any information to impart, I shall obtain it."

This plan being agreed upon, Reed alighted, and then the vehicle proceeded up a side street and waited there.

After leaving the hack, Reed walked on until he finally brought up at a little, old-fashioned farmhouse. This farmhouse was owned by a truck gardener, who had a few acres from which he derived a living. His name was Silas Sweet. Mr. Sweet was a very shrewd man.

He hoed his corn and weeded his beds. He attended church regularly, and was generally supposed to be an exemplary Christian. His farmhouse was a little old wooden structure which, from appearances, might have been built during the time of the Revolution. The paint had all disappeared from the exterior; the roof was sunken in; the fence was broken down, and, altogether, the place presented an exceedingly dilapidated appearance.

Silas Sweet stood on the door-step as Reed approached. He was a grizzled old man of about sixty years, forbidding in appearance and dirty of attire.

"How do you do?" greeted Reed, advancing and extending his hand.

"Well," returned Sweet, "I do pretty well as I darned please. Who are you?" he added.

"Oh! you don't appear to recognize me. Don't you remember when I called here once with Slater?"

"Slater!" said the old man; "why, I don't know no Slater."

"Oh! that will do to tell the marines," replied Reed. "You recognize me, and you know I was here. And I know that Slater is here now. Let me give you a tip, old man. Don't try to come any bluff game on me, because it won't work! I have some valuable information for Mr. Slater, and I wish to see him. You will find it to your interest to tell him that I am here. Joseph Reed is my name."

Sweet looked the visitor over critically.

"Well, wait; I must speak with Slater. But I reckon he won't see you."

"Be sure and tell him," said Reed, "it's a case of importance. I must see him."

The old man entered the house, taking care to lock the door after him.

He was absent for fully a quarter of an hour, during which time Reed was left standing on the doorstep, where he waited with dogged determination.

Finally old Sweet returned.

"Slater will see you," he announced. "Come in!"

Reed was then ushered into the front sitting-room, where Slater was puffing at a cigar.

"Ah, Reed, is that you? What brings you here?" was the greeting.

"Bad news," replied Reed. "The detectives are after you red-hot!"

"What ones?" demanded Slater, sharply.

"That man Bristol and his kid ally, with a couple of Byrnes's men included."

At this Slater uttered a savage exclamation.

"Curse those fellows!" he cried. "How do you know they are after me?"

"Because I traced them to this neighborhood, and they are not far off now."

"What is to be done about it?" Slater demanded, dubiously. "It won't do for me to show up, if they are around the neighborhood, for I should be almost sure to be nabbed."

"Well," advised Reed, "I tell you what I should do, if I were you. First of all, I would set young Penn at liberty!"

At this Slater laughed mockingly.

"What good would that do me?" he demanded, with derision. "In the first place, how do you know that I know anything about young Penn?"

"That don't matter," replied Reed. "I know it, and you cannot deny the fact. The best thing you can do, to save yourself from State's Prison, is to set Penn at liberty, for these detectives are bound to have you, or, rather, to have young Penn, if it takes from now to next winter. You will be shown a blamed sight more leniency by setting him at liberty."

"How do they know where I am?" demanded Slater. "Curse you! if I thought you had given me away, Reed, I'd murder you!"

"What in blazes would be my object in giving you away?" returned Reed. "Do you suppose I would be fool enough to journey away out here to warn you, if I intended to give you away? Not much!"

"I don't know about that," responded Slater. "I am decidedly suspicious of you. In case I should give young Penn up, what surety would I have that I should not be arrested then?"

"I can arrange that part of it all right. I know of a snug little place only a short distance from here, where you can lie low until this matter blows over. As soon as young Penn is restored to his old man they will, in all probability, go back to Kansas, and there the matter will end."

"I don't think so," replied Slater. "It was Byrnes who sent for this detective, Bristol, for the purpose of hunting us down."

"I thought Bristol was occupied exclusively with the Penn case."

"It is more by accident than anything else that Bristol came into contact with old man Penn, and became enlisted in his employ. Therefore, should I release young Penn, it would not benefit me any."

"Well," declared Reed, "you can suit yourself, but, if you take my advice, you will get young Penn off your hands. I have taken the pains to come here and warn you, and now, if you get pulled in, it's not my fault."

Slater reflected a moment, but was not inclined to be advised by a man whom he had by his own cunning forced into his employ. He knew that Reed cordially hated him, and was as liable to betray him as otherwise. Should he give young Penn up? he asked himself. It was rather a weighty question. Finally he answered:

"No, Reed, I will not give him up! If the worst comes to the worst, why, I'll fight them."

"Well, you are about the biggest idiot I know of. What can you do fighting five men?"

"But then, you will stand by me in the scrap, and so will old Sweet."

"Not much, I!" retorted Reed. "I shall take a quiet skip."

At this Slater grew pale with anger.

"Oh! you will, eh?" he exclaimed. "You cursed traitor! we will see about that. You will not get out of this house alive, if that is your game!"

With that he pulled a revolver from his hip-pocket and, taking quick aim, fired at Reed.

Poor Reed tumbled to the floor with a groan, and lay unconscious. He had been wounded in the head; not fatally, but sufficiently to deprive him of his senses.

"There, you devil! You will go back on a pal, will ye?" hissed Slater, standing over his victim, with the still smoking revolver in his grasp. "So perish all traitors, from now to the end of the world!"

Then a fuller realization of the enormity of the crime seemed to dawn upon him.

"By heavens! this is bad business! I must get out of here! Wonder if old Sweet will help

me? Byrnes's men may be here at any minute!"

He darted out into the kitchen, where Silas Sweet was leisurely smoking his grimy old clay pipe.

If he had heard the pistol-shot, he appeared entirely indifferent to the fact.

"Well, what now?" he demanded, noticing Slater's agitation.

"Detectives are onto us, and we, or, at least I, must get away from here!"

This rather startled even the old man. Should detectives pounce down on him he would be practically defenseless.

"Who told you this?" Sweet demanded.

"Joe Reed."

"The chap who came awhile ago?"

"The same."

"Well, what's to be done?"

"You must help me to get away from here; then come back and release the prisoner. It won't do to keep him any longer."

"Et won't hey? Well, where's my pay for keepin' him as long as I have? I want it!"

"When you hitch up to your covered market wagon, and get me out of this neighborhood, I will pay you."

Mr. Silas Sweet shook his head, and took a long whiff at his pipe.

"Kain't do et," he said. "I must have my money first. I don't keep a free lodgin' house, not by a jugful! Plank down the money, and then I'll help you out o' yer scrape, but not before."

"I haven't the right amount, but will get it as soon as you carry me down to Hoboken," Slater replied.

But Mr. Sweet shook his head disapprovingly.

"It won't work. I must have my money; spot cash an' none of the queer, either!"

"If you don't get me away from here, we shall both be arrested!"

"Can't help that. I expect to be, anyhow, and so it makes but little difference; it might as well be for a lion as for a lamb!"

Just then there came a loud rap on the rear door.

"That's the detective!" cried Slater, turning white. "For mercy's sake, hide me, Sweet!"

Believing he had murdered Reed, he was naturally terror-stricken.

"Kain't do et!" returned Sweet, with imperturbable gravity. "Ef it's the detectives, why, they'll have to take you. I won't interfere no-how!"

There was a crash, and the rear door flew open.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION.

INTO the room sprung Deadwood Dick, old man Penn and Billy Bucket.

"Ab! Mr. Sawdust Sam, now we have you dead to rights! Will you surrender? Or shall we have to take you by main force?" demanded Bristol.

"I'll never surrender alive!" was the reply, with fierce defiance. "If you want me, come and take me, curse you!" and with this Slater drew his revolver, but, ere he could use the weapon, old Sweet sprung upon him, and, wrenching the weapon from his hand, threw it to the further side of the room, and instantly dealt Slater a stunning blow that brought him to the floor.

"Thar! I won't get my money, hey? Then, by thunder, you'll get my revenge!"

Dick sprung upon Slater, and snapped the bracelets around the rascal's wrists, while Billy, with alacrity, buckled a leg-strap about his ankles.

"There, now! Guess you will give in now!" quoth old Penn.

Slater made no answer.

"On course he'll give in," echoed Billy Bucket; "cause not havin' the use o' his hands ter give anything out, he's a poor, mis'able critter now."

Dick turned his piercing gaze on old Sweet.

"Well," he demanded, "have you anything to say for yourself?"

Sweet came to the front bravely, although he was evidently trembling in his big stogy boots.

"Well," he admitted, "I might as well make a clean breast of it, and I s'pose you will think the better of me for it. If, by a clear confession, I can secure clemency from Mr. Penn, I will make it!"

"Go ahead," Dick directed. "We are looking for Mr. James Penn, and we have reason to believe he is in this house."

"He is," confessed Sweet. "This scoundrel, Slater, came ter me an' offered me a reward ter look after the man. The reward was so big, an' I was so much in need of money, an' so much

afraid of being sold out of house and home through a mortgage on my property, that I accepted the bribe. Now, come with me, gentlemen, and, if you will pardon what I have done, I will introduce you to young Mr. Penn."

"By thunderation!" cried Peter, "if you do, I will pay you as much as Slater offered ye, and, mebbe, a little more."

Mr. Sweet led the way to the garret, a cold, dusty and gloomy place and unlocked a door.

Then the party entered.

The room was dark and cheerless, and furnished simply with a small cot bed. Upon the edge of this bed, with a steel belt around his waist to which was attached a chain, and the chain fastened to a staple in the wall, sat Jimmy Penn, pale and emaciated.

"My boy! my boy!" cried Mr. Penn, senior, springing forward.

Fatherly intuition told him that he had at length found his long-lost son.

Later in the day Mrs. Peter Penn met her son. It was not the sport who had lived by his wits in the city as "Handsome Hal," and falsely claimed to be an offspring of the Penns; nor yet the prisoner at Sing Sing; but the young man found at Sweet's residence.

Jimmy was in bad condition, but there was no reason to fear that he would not come around all right. Since being in Sawdust Sam's hands he had fared badly, and captivity had told upon him, but, on the whole, it had done him good.

He had received a lesson he was not likely to forget.

He had lived a fast life in New York, and had been culpably indifferent to his parents' welfare, but never a criminal. He was thoroughly repentant, at last, and his parents were equally forgiving.

Sawdust Sam, once in the hands of the law, received no mercy, nor did he deserve any. In due time he was brought into court, and, after a brief trial, was sentenced to Sing Sing for five years.

Joe Reed was taken to Bellevue Hospital. After a long period of suffering from the effects of his wound, which, luckily, was not fatal, he was discharged, a well man. In consideration of his services at the crisis of the event described, he was exempted from arrest and given a chance to reform.

"Zara went on to Philadelphia to join Handsome Hal, but the latter had the misfortune to be arrested, and was sentenced to prison, so the fortune-teller is now playing a lone hand.

After Jimmy Penn had recovered from the effects of his imprisonment sufficiently, he started West with his father and mother, never again, probably, to visit Gotham.

During the last few days of his stay in New York Mr. Penn had made a very lucky investment in stocks, on which he realized so much that he could well afford to liberally reward Richard Bristol, Billy Bucket, and all who had aided him. Even then, he returned to Kansas with more money than ever before.

The prisoner in Sing Sing being discovered by his friends, finally proved his innocence and became a free man.

When his "sawdust" case was thoroughly settled, and the desired crooks securely placed behind the bars, Deadwood Dick received notice, through Inspector Byrnes, that, owing to his uniform success in all his detective enterprises, his services would be welcome in Buffalo.

The notice came from the chief of police, and, for the third time in his long criminal experience, he packed his grip and started for Buffalo, accompanied by his kid, Billy Bucket.

THE END.

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